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America's Recovery Plan

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

The Director of the London School of Economics summarises the impressions he gained during a month's stay in America

I ARRIVED in Washington on Sunday, October 22, the night of the President's broadcast announcing his new monetary policy of buying gold. I sailed from New York for England on November 22, the day after Dr. Sprague, Economic Adviser to the Government, had resigned in vigorous protest against the President's policy. Between those dates prohibition had been repealed and Russia recognised. It was a stirring time.

While I was there I learnt two things which would probably never have sunk into my mind merely through reading about America.

Seriousness of America's Crisis

The first is the badness of the economic crash. We have been accustomed for so long to regard America as a prosperous country, the richest in the world; we know that they have just the same inexhaustible natural wealth, just the same energetic and resourceful people there now, as they had four years ago; we find it hard to believe that they can really be in economic difficulties. Before I went to the States I used to be sceptical about such figures as 12,000,000 to 14,000,000 unemployed last March—since I have talked to the statisticians there, I am inclined to accept those figures or something like them. From 1929 to the spring of this year the numbers employed in factories fell as from 100 to 50 or by a half, the total wages paid fell from 100 to 35 or by two-thirds, the wage per employee fell from 100 to 70, or 30 per cent. Last March

21,000,000 persons out of 120,000,000, one in six, were living on public relief—one in six of the population being kept alive by tickets for food and coal and occasional relief work. How many more were unemployed, or miserably poor but struggling on through help of friends, or were spending savings, there is no means of telling. The funds to provide relief were being raised, not from current taxes, but almost entirely by public borrowing.

Which of you can remember a big bank failure in this country? In America since the end of 1929 more than six thousand banks have failed, involving deposits of five billion dollars: many more are carrying on on a restricted basis. Municipalities all over the country have defaulted on their bonds. Salaries of teachers and other public employees have remained unpaid for months and years. When they have been paid, they have been cut down in proportions which to us seem incredible. The people in America look back to last March as a time of emergency as bad as war—far worse than the World War was to most of them. Today things are better but not so much better that they feel safe.

That leads to my second main impression. Looking on the national emergency as if it were a war, the people of America are treating it in a war-time spirit. In America today you find, as you would in war, furious activity in Government departments, a readiness to spend public money like water, a desire to co-operate and do whatever the Government tells people is their duty. That does not mean that there is any kind of dictatorship in America.

People are not helping the Government because they must, but because they want to; there is nothing to prevent one from criticising the Government if one wishes to. More and more people are beginning to criticise or ask questions, but they are still helping the Government.

Those are the general impressions that I would like to give you from America: a sense of national emergency and desire to help the Government. What, in fact, is the Government doing? It is doing many different things. I can only name three or four principal activities under the heads of Industry, Agriculture and Finance.

Codes of Fair Competition

First as to Industry. The problem there, as the Americans see it, is that under the past regime of *laissez-faire* and unlimited competition, prices and wages have fallen too low: low wages and unemployment have destroyed consumers' purchasing power. They are setting out to correct this by establishing, under the National Recovery Administration, codes of fair competition for every industry and every kind of employment, from building to banking, from spinning-cotton to selling coal by retail, or acting on the stage. The codes, of course, vary from one industry to another. Broadly speaking, they all fix minimum wages for labour: they all fix maximum hours of work; they all make collective bargaining—that is, the recognition of Trade Unions, if the men want Trade Unions—compulsory upon the employers; and they all provide in one way or another for control of competition among businesses in selling their products or rendering their services. Sometimes that control goes to the fixing of actual prices. More often the code says that no one may sell below cost of production directly or indirectly. In one or two cases, of which petroleum is the most important, there is a definite limitation of production. In other cases—steel, cotton textile, lace—there is a limitation on the use of new machinery.

Some Effects of the Codes

How all these codes are going to work, and to what extent it will prove possible to enforce them (their actual enforcement at present being left to a Code Authority established for each industry) it is impossible to say. The point of immediate interest is that the maximum hours and the minimum wages in all cases have been so framed as to bring about a great increase in the numbers employed and wages paid for the same amount of work to be done. The costs of production of industry have been raised greatly. Thus in the former non-Union mining districts, wages have been raised from 50 to 60 per cent. Increases of 200 per cent. or more in wage rates are by no means unknown. The general level of increase is less than that, but still sufficiently startling. I know one particular company which last March was losing money at the rate of \$30,000,000 a year, but has added \$24,000,000 a year to its costs under the code. Another which last year lost \$9,000,000 has nevertheless added \$5,000,000 to its costs. The case of the iron and steel industry is one of the most notable. From the middle of August, when the code came in, to the beginning of November, the iron and steel industry has increased its total wage bill by nearly a quarter: simultaneously its total output has fallen to half of what it was in August, to about one quarter of capacity; the prices obtained by the employers for the iron and steel they produce have risen very little—perhaps two to five per cent. Yet this does not mean that the employers want to give up the code; in fact, they recommend its continuance. The employers and the country generally have fallen in with the Government's policy of re-employment by shortening hours and raising wages in a quite remarkable way. They have done so partly because the Americans have always believed in the theory of high wages, partly because the introduction of codes has been accompanied by relaxation of the anti-

Trust laws. Employers for the first time have been able to get together and to regulate competition.

The Agricultural Adjustment Act

What about agriculture? The agricultural problem, as the American Government sees it, is that the prices for farm produce have fallen too far, and have fallen unduly in relation to other prices. Farmers cannot buy nearly as much as they used to buy with what they have to sell. Many of them have incurred debts, mortgaging their farms or their farm equipment at the high level of prices. The lower level of prices today makes these debts more burdensome. The Government's view is that, as compared with last March, prices of farm produce ought to be raised almost twice as much as those of other articles, to bring them to the pre-War relation.

How is this to be done? One set of people say, by fixing higher prices and making it a crime for any farmer to sell below them. Another set of people say, by printing so much paper money that the prices of farm produce rise with the prices of everything else in a currency inflation. The plan of the Government is to bring about a rise in prices of farm produce by an organised system of restricting production, of paying farmers to produce less than they would otherwise produce. This year farmers have been paid for destroying a large part of the grown crop of cotton, by ploughing it in instead of gathering it. For next year farmers are being paid to reduce the acreage of wheat or of corn that they will plant, the number of pigs that they will raise, the amount of cotton and tobacco that they will grow; the Government will rent a portion of his land from every farmer who is willing, and pay him for not using it for anything that would compete with these crops. The money for this is to be raised by what are called 'processing taxes'—taxes which have to be paid in the first instance by the miller who buys wheat, the packer who buys hogs, and so on, but which will presumably ultimately be passed on to the consumer. That is the gist of the Agricultural Adjustment Act passed last spring. I have no idea how that scheme is going to work out. It is obviously going to be very difficult to control the actions of 6,000,000 farmers: to prevent them, for instance, from taking money to reduce their acreage and using the money to buy more fertiliser to keep up production, if they believe that prices will rise. There are going to be great difficulties also in raising the prices of some agricultural products by a processing tax without driving people to use some competing product on which there is no tax. Actually the Secretary for Agriculture has power to put a processing tax on any competing product, not only on, say, cotton, but on anything that competes with cotton—silk, or rayon, or paper, or leather; not only on bacon, but on anything that you may eat instead of bacon—milk or cheese or eggs or poultry. How far he will go in this I do not know. But he is not going into this business blindly; he has a well-organised department behind him. That is the agricultural programme: a very ambitious attempt by competent and determined officials under the charge of a strong Minister, to carry out economic planning on a scale that has never been tried anywhere outside Russia.

A valuable booklet has been issued by the Universities' Council for Unemployed Camps on the subject of *Camps for Men*, by Michael Sims-Williams (Heffer, 1s. 6d.), with a foreword by Lord Somers. This booklet deals fully with one of the most promising of the many experiments now being tried to find occupation for those industrially unemployed—that is, the running of camps for young unemployed men. An account is given of the six weeks' camp organised during the summer of 1933, at Eastnor, on Lord Somers' estate, for 100 young unemployed men drawn from Bristol and South Wales. The experience gained of this camp is used as a basis for general advice and guidance on the management of camps of this sort in general. Problems of recruitment, occupation, conduct, health and physical welfare are discussed, and most useful practical directions given upon matters both of principle and of detail. Costs are worked out, and specimens given of reports and other forms for systematising the work.

Art

American Primitives

By STANLEY CASSON

Mr. Casson, who is lecturing in America this winter, sends us this account of an exhibition in Boston which makes us realise that America has her own early masters, who in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries retained something of the freshness and naivety of the true primitive

AN exhibition of 'American Art of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries' has just been opened at Boston. For the first time Americans have been privileged to see a branch of art which is exclusively and peculiarly their own. To many this will come as a surprise and a paradox. But the explanation is simple. The end of the eighteenth century

smiths or of the furniture makers whose wares were only to be found in the cities.

There was little or nothing which the humbler folk could acquire of this sort and little that they were ever likely to see. But artists existed, as they will always exist at all periods, and slowly they found markets for their wares. The states of New England in particular naturally bred carvers of wood. For the immense forests of primæval days had soon been reduced into planks with which to build houses. Today 99 per cent. of the New England houses are built of wood. Thus grew up a fine tradition of architectural woodcarving, the work of whose exponents one can see in the pilasters and porches of even the humblest farm of New England: Old England has nothing to equal the ordinary architectural carving to be found in the houses of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. But these woodcarvers turned to other things. Figureheads of ships of very great beauty and proficiency were carved at the ship-building ports. Red Indians carved from oak stood outside the shops of tobacconists, while here and there the artist created an isolated work of art simply to please himself. The drab highlanders of the British tobacconist have none of the powerful simplicity of these stray American sculptures whose authors, in default of a demand for monumental sculpture in stone, were driven to work as journeymen-carvers on occasional jobs of a utilitarian nature. The capacity for sculpture was also shown in other ways. Almost every farmhouse had a windvane which was adorned with some symbol—an ox, a horse or a bird. Many of these figures, cast in iron or cut in copper, were done with a formal simplicity and sensitiveness which can rival the formal art of any age. Sportsmen required dummy birds for duck-shooting, and in many cases wooden birds of astonishing beauty, recalling Chinese work, were made by these still unconscious artists. Several fine examples are shown in the exhibition. But perhaps the most significant branch of art was the painting. While American painters, Gilbert Stuart or Copley, could be commissioned for the portraits of the rich in the cities, the smaller folk, with adequate but not excessive means, could command the services of painters whose training was home-made, but whose instincts were sound and whose style was



Baby in Red High Chair, about 1790
(oil on canvas)

saw in America a relaxation of the immense practical efforts to lay the foundations of their new republic and a slackening of the harsh conditions of life which the gradual establishment of the inland frontier to the west had made a pre-requisite of American colonial existence. At last the farmer and the peasant, the well-to-do townsman and the budding capitalist, could attend to those things which made life amenable and pleasant. For outside Boston, Salem, and the coastal cities of New England and the more prosperous settlements of Virginia and the Carolinas, the ordinary man had had a hard time. Local art had been almost non-existent and the amenities of life had hitherto been represented by the imported works of art from England in the houses of the rich or by the work of imported artists like Revere or other of the famous silver-



Grave of William Penn, 1847 (oil on canvas)

unaffected by the current painters of renown. Thus there grew up an astonishing style of portrait-painting which is primitive in the true sense. In contemporary England it was impossible for an artist to remain unaffected by the styles of known artists, and the enormous quantity of prints that circulated throughout the country was bound to affect the style of the budding artist. But in the remoter corners of the United States few if any prints circulated. The famous Currier and Ives prints had a perceptible effect on some of these painters, but even they did not circulate widely until the middle of the nineteenth century. Consequently, painters used their native powers in a way which strongly reminds us of the douanier Rousseau and the neo-Primitives, and yet their paintings seem occasionally to ring more true. The portrait of a child shown here is a sensitive and remarkable work. The only colours employed are pink (for the sash, rose and shoes), white and black (for the remainder). Some painters devoted themselves entirely to landscape. One, known by name, Joseph Pickett, can rank as a typical primitive. His paintings are remarkable for a brightness and vivacity which is enhanced by their absolute



The Yorke Family at Home, 1837 (watercolour)

simplicity of outlook and technique. Only three oil-paintings are known from his hand and his ambition was simply enough to record the history of his native town. He invented both his technique and his tools and manufactured his paint. He had never seen an art school and clearly not studied the pictures of the famous. Another painting here shown is a little more sophisticated. It is a view on the Hudson river. As a composition it is extremely well thought out. Its colour is beyond reproach and the Arcadian simplicity of its groups of people shows how a simple mind can extract romance from mid-nineteenth century costume. This painting may be considered as a late survival of American primitive art.

In America at the period in question there were, of course, certain alien influences. The German settlers of Pennsylvania had brought with them the germs of a traditional German art. This is largely reflected in much American work from these regions, so that some that seems pure American may be affected by this German strain. What interests the British student is the essentially unaffected nature of the true American primitive art, particularly that of New England, where puritan ancestry had for so long tended to suppress the artistic tendencies of the earliest settlers. One might say that at the end of the eighteenth century the American artist of the countryside started to paint and to carve and to cast with an open field and without prejudice or traditions. These works, recently exhibited, must therefore play a most interesting part in the history of art, quite apart from the charm and grace which so many of them so evidently possess.

Photograms of the Year, 1933, the annual review of the world's pictorial photographic work (Iliffe and Sons, 5s.), contains brief articles describing photographic progress in seventeen countries, ranging from Australia to Soviet Russia. In his introduction on the year's work, the editor, Mr. F. J. Mortimer, declares that recent tendencies are mainly in the direction of perfection of technique. 'So great a power of control is now placed in the hands of the photographer by means of recent advances in the preparation of colour-sensitive emulsions, light filters of a wide range of characteristics, and papers of extremely diverse contrast scales, surfaces, tints and types, that much of the necessity for after-treatment that was hitherto felt to be needful has vanished'. The vogue of the miniature camera has led to a great speeding-up of sensitive materials and the extension of the 'snapshot' principle to subjects such as the theatre and street scenes at night, hitherto considered beyond its range. Infra-red photography has been speeded up sufficiently to enable infra-red pictures to be secured from moving aeroplanes. Sixty-four plates of photographs are included in this volume, some of which are strikingly original in technique, though the majority continue on conventional lines. A useful map is given showing the distribution of photographic societies in England and Wales.



Nineteenth-century wood sculpture. Figure of Henry Ward Beecher (c. 1850-60)

*Commonwealth of Nations—X**The Economics of Empire*

A Discussion between the Rt. Hon. SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, M.P., and the Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL: We have been asked to discuss the economics of Empire. Let us, then, get straight on to proposals and policies. Will you begin with a statement of the outline of your case? Then I will reply with a short criticism and a statement of mine.

L. S. AMERY: Agreed. I will start with an assumption which you, too, will accept: that it is the duty and interest of every member of our free partnership of nations to co-operate in promoting the strength and prosperity of the rest. If so, I suggest to you that there is no field in which that duty and that interest are so obvious as the field of trade and production. The daily bread of all our scattered peoples, the development of their national resources, the growth of their populations, the revenues which can provide alike for social services and for defence—all these things depend on finding a market for their produce. I say then, if only as a recognition of the principle of Imperial co-operation, it is our duty to help the trade of our fellow-citizens overseas in preference to helping the trade of foreigners to whom we are not bound by the same common ties. You want us to treat all trade alike, without regard to whom we may be helping or whom we may be passing over. That seems to me a flat denial of our moral responsibility; it also seems to me short-sighted even from the most selfish point of view. For when it comes to the question of our interest, I venture to say that it would pay us to help our fellow-citizens in the Empire even if they did not help our trade in return. Has not our experience proved that in the hour of danger their strength is our strength? As a matter of fact, however, it is we, and not our fellow-citizens overseas, who have hesitated to reciprocate in a policy of mutual help in trade. For over a generation before the Ottawa Conference the Dominions gave us preference in their markets. They did so in the hope of convincing this country—even if they haven't yet convinced you, Samuel—that it would pay us to respond. Thanks largely to that preference, the Empire was taking very nearly as much of our manufactured exports as the rest of the world put together, even before Ottawa. In 1928 Canada bought from us three-quarters as much as the United States with thirteen times her population. Australia

and New Zealand, with 7,500,000 people at the farthest ends of the earth, bought more from us than France, Belgium, Italy, Spain and Portugal together, with a population of 116 million at our doors. Every New Zealander, indeed, was worth more to us as a customer than two dozen Germans, or three dozen Americans, or four gross of Russians.



Early Spring—Quebec, by A. Y. Jackson

Since then, Empire preferences to us have been increased as the result of the Ottawa agreements. I think, therefore, that I am justified, not only in assuming that our proportion of the Empire's trade will go up—and it has already done so in every important Empire market—but that with a return to normal trade conditions, we shall find even more employment in Empire trade than we did before the great depression. But I go further. We have now—at last—responded, and give substantial preferences to the Empire. These must obviously tend to increase the trade, and with it the purchasing power and population of Empire countries. If so, then no less obviously, under a system of mutual preference, that increased purchasing power will lead to greater purchases from this country which, in its turn, will be in a better position to buy from them. There is, in fact, practically no limit to the possibilities of trade expansion once a group of markets so important, so essentially complementary, and with such immense undeveloped resources as those of the Empire, work together on a co-operative principle, and no longer as disconnected units.

H. S.: Let us see first where we agree, then we can concentrate on the points where we differ. We agree regarding the maintenance of the British Empire as a thing desirable in itself, useful to its own members, and of service to the whole world. And we agree with respect to trade more than you seem to suppose. You seem to think that I am indifferent whether the trade of this country with the Empire countries increases or not. That is not so. I think it is of immense importance, for all the reasons that you give, that the Dominions, the Colonies, India, should develop in prosperity and in wealth. The question is simply how we can promote it. I believe in a positive policy to help the Empire by providing capital, by migration, by trade agreements between the industries, by constant travel, ease of



Above Lake Superior, by Lawren Harris

Illustrations reproduced from 'Canadian Landscape Painters', by Albert H. Robson (Studio). Both pictures are in the Art Gallery of Toronto

communication, advertisement. You believe in doing it by putting taxes or quotas on our trade, and the Empire's trade, with the rest of the world—that is a negative policy, a restrictive policy. I want to see each part of the Empire becoming prosperous by finding customers for its products wherever it can. You want to confine trade to specified channels chosen for political reasons. That, I venture to suggest, is not the way in which either we or any other part of the Empire can really promote our own prosperity, and so the prosperity of the whole Commonwealth. Do you remember that the Imperial Economic Committee, which exists of course to study these matters, stated in a report issued before the great depression, that the commerce of the various parts of the Empire with the world outside the Empire was three times as great as our commerce among ourselves? Three times as large a trade was done by the British Empire with foreign countries as was done between the Empire countries. You take the year 1929 in what you have just said—and rightly, because it was the last of normal trade. In that year, so far as Great Britain is concerned, the Empire, including Ireland, bought from us £324 millions worth of goods, and foreign countries bought from us over £400 millions. Why do you want to hinder and thwart this enormous wealth-bringing interchange of goods? Why tax and harass that trade? It is often said that the tariffs and other restrictions imposed upon our goods by the rest of the world had greatly diminished their purchases from us since the War. But that is not true. That figure I have just given of £400 million of goods bought from us by foreign countries showed an increase of nearly 25 per cent. above the pre-War figure. I agree that the Dominions purchase from us far more per head than the foreign countries do. But can they, with their comparatively small population, replace this vast trade if, by your restrictions, you succeed in destroying it?

And your idea that the Dominions should be just an outlet for British manufactures is not their idea. If it were proposed to establish a real Empire Free Trade, in which they would admit British goods without duties, as we admit Dominion goods without duties, that would be a proposition worth considering. But it has never been made, and it is not likely to be made. On the contrary, the duties in the Dominions on most British manufactures are exceedingly heavy. The advantages to our manufacturers from Ottawa are, for the most part, quite trivial. For example, this year, since Ottawa, our sales to Canada in the first three-quarters of the year are almost exactly the same as last year, and 30 per cent. less than pre-War. On the other hand, Canada's sales to us are 10 per cent. more than last year, and 50 per cent. more than pre-War. I remember that you, yourself, in a speech in the House of Commons, called what went on at Ottawa a process of 'hard bargaining'. I am profoundly convinced that that sort of hard bargaining, bringing in the Governments to make political arrangements which directly affect the fortunes of farmers, manufacturers, working-people, in England, Scotland and Wales, and in every one of the Dominions, is most perilous to the whole future of the Empire. This policy, in the long run, will not help the cause of unity, but injure it, just as any attempt to establish a joint political government to control this country and the Dominions would not help unity, but injure it.

L. S. A.: I am not advocating central control, economic or political, but only free co-operation, and I shall continue to believe that co-operation makes for unity as well as for prosperity in the Empire, as anywhere else. But to return to your charge that my policy is 'negative and restrictive', that I want to 'hinder and thwart', to 'tax and harass' the wealth-bringing interchange of goods: I entirely deny it. I claim that the policy of Imperial Preference is not negative but positive, not restrictive but directive. If we buy wheat from Canada instead of from the United States, and if Canada in return buys British instead of American machinery, surely the 'wealth-bringing interchange of goods' still continues. It is not 'hindered and thwarted'. It is redirected, and redirected into channels chosen not only for political but for very good economic reasons. If Canadians are ten times as good customers of ours as Americans, and if we are better customers of Canada's than the United States, then surely it pays both England and Canada to strengthen each other by their purchases, instead of enriching a country which does all it can to keep out the goods of both of us.

I admit that my policy involves a financial discrimination in favour of Empire purchases. But what of your 'positive' policy of directing financial, transport and migration activities into Empire channels? That policy, too, if it means anything at all, involves some financial discrimination. How can you give effect to it without spending public money, imposing some taxes, exercising some preference which will 'hinder and thwart'—if I may use your own phrase—the natural flow of economic activities? What is this special objection—if indeed it is anything more than an old complex—against using the simplest and most effective switch for directing trade—the customs duty?

However, you now tell me that real Empire free trade would be worth considering. Can you suggest to me any other way of approaching that goal than by the gradual development of

mutual preference? You sniff at the results of Ottawa. I could show you on the figures of only a few months' working that they are anything but trivial. But I will only ask you a simple question. Is there one of our industrial competitors who would not give anything to enjoy the favours we enjoy, and to stand in our shoes?

H. S.: If your last question means 'Would not any other nation be glad to be a member of a Commonwealth so vast, so varied, in normal times so prosperous as the British?' I would answer, 'No doubt they would'. But how has the wealth and prosperity of that Empire been built up? Primarily through the growth of a great population in this little island, which has gathered vast wealth through trading with every country of the world, its ships carrying goods on every sea. The Dominions, with a white population of 22 millions, India with her heavy protective tariffs, simply cannot or will not buy from us the £400 millions' worth of goods a year which the rest of the world has taken. Let me give an example. Those who hold your views say that we ought to bring timber for building the houses urgently needed by our working-people, and for other purposes, from British Columbia, instead of bringing it the short journey from Russia. In order to secure this, Mr. Bennett, the Prime Minister of Canada, at Ottawa pressed our Government to end the Trade Agreement which we had with Russia—and they did so. As a result, Russia stopped buying English and Scotch herrings. Our fishermen have had their season ruined this year because of that. Thousands of them are suffering heavy losses at this moment. Canada would not be able to buy those herrings. There is an immense possible market for our fish, as well as for our machinery and many other things, among the 160 millions of people in Russia. Your policy would destroy that possibility. It does thwart and hinder. At the same time you make it dearer to build houses for our working-classes by bringing the timber all the way from the Pacific Ocean instead of just across the North Sea. That is only an example, but the same applies to other countries and to other trades also.

And the kind of Empire development which I advocate does not involve, as you suggest, imposing any taxes, or hindering or thwarting any natural flow of economic activities. Where we have great populations of British people, with our own language and our own ideas, there is a tendency, which is itself a natural tendency, to economic co-operation, involving no taxation upon any trade anywhere. There always has been such a tendency within the British Empire, long before there was any question of taxing foreign trade in order to 'redirect', as you call it, in order to impose a 'financial discrimination' on what people buy and sell. We have supplied settlers and capital to the distant parts of the Empire, developed the communications, strengthened the finances, of all the countries under the British flag. I would like to see all that continued, and intensified. That is the right line of Empire co-operation.

L. S. A.: Yes, but when you talk of intensifying, do you mean real business? That means money, and money means taxes. But let me deal with the historical basis of your argument. You imply that the wealth of this country, as the economic powerhouse of the Empire, has been due to Free Trade. I maintain that it would have been far greater today if we had continued the deliberate national and imperial policy which we pursued before 1845. Under that policy both we and our Colonies were developing remarkably. When we abandoned it for Free Trade, this country, I admit, flourished greatly for a time. But presently it began to lose ground steadily to other nations, who imitated not our Free Trade lead, but the example of our earlier methods. Now on the very brink of disaster we have been forced to reverse our policy. Meanwhile Free Trade inflicted an immediate and almost fatal check to the development of our infant Colonies, while the main stream of our creative purchasing power, of our capital and of our settlers, was diverted to building up the United States and other foreign countries. Happily the Empire is still there and there is still time to develop with it a trade whose immeasurable possibilities you seem not to appreciate.

As for your Russian red herring, I doubt if even you would seriously defend the temporary cheapness of timber produced in Soviet prison camps, or would insist on our remaining defenceless against Russian dumping for fear of reprisals, however annoying they may be. Besides, there has been plenty of cheap Scandinavian as well as Canadian timber coming in, both securing a better return trade—though not perhaps in herrings—than we have ever had with Russia.

H. S.: I forget who it was that said: 'There are two things over which even the gods themselves have no power—past events and arithmetic'. But it seems that you would control both. It is a strange version of history that under Protection, in the 'Hungry Forties', we were all prosperous: and that when the Corn Laws were repealed and Protection abolished, and our trade went up by leaps and bounds, and the money-wages of the working classes were doubled during the course of the nineteenth century and the cost of living was halved—that then the condition of the country was going backwards. And as to the development of the Empire during the last 70 or 80 years,

has it not been, quite rightly, the theme of pæans of praise from thousands of Conservative platforms all over the country?

But I should like to bring in, if you will allow me, another point, to which I attach the greatest importance. We are trustees for tens of millions of native inhabitants of vast Crown Colonies in Africa and Asia. If your policy is to preserve those territories as a market for British goods, and to hinder their populations from getting the things they want from wherever they can buy them to their own best advantage, you will soon find a spirit of resentment growing there. You will have to prove to them very clearly indeed that they are gaining more than they are losing, in order to prevent their leaders coming to think that we are using our power of trusteeship, not in the interest of our wards, but in our own interest. These matters touch the very foundations on which the British Commonwealth has been built: and you and those who think with you—animated no doubt by the very best of intentions—are, I believe, imperilling the whole great structure of which we are the heirs and should be the careful guardians.

L. S. A.: Your 'Hungry Forties' were mainly due, like our world depression today, to monetary causes. They were cured, not by Free Trade, but by the enormous stimulus which was given to world trade by the great gold discoveries in California and Australia. We were in a unique position to take advantage of that situation, having become—under Protection, mind you—the greatest industrial, commercial, engineering and shipping power in the world. As for the Empire, its development, I still insist, has lagged far behind what it might and should have been if we had not neglected it in pursuit of the short-sighted policy of indiscriminate and undirected trade.

You talk of our trusteeship for native peoples. There I am with you, and would certainly join you in opposing any system of preference designed to exploit our weaker fellow-subjects for a purely selfish British interest. But if a policy of mutual trade for mutual development is in itself a good thing, must it be assumed that we are incapable of carrying it out in a spirit of trusteeship, in the interest of our wards as well as in our own?

H. S.: Yes, if we are sure that we are honestly doing that. But when I read speeches about the importance of using the Crown Colonies as markets for our manufactures and of shutting out from them competing foreign goods, I very seldom find any reference to the interests of the populations of those territories, or any attempt to balance up the benefits which they are to gain by a preference in the markets here. I doubt, myself, whether the native populations would, as a rule, be gaining any benefit such as would compensate them for the higher prices they would have to pay for the things they needed, in consequence of their being limited to buying British goods, and the competition of cheaper goods from elsewhere being excluded.

As to the interpretation of the history of the nineteenth century, your view is novel and, I venture to say, unconvincing. It seems to me that plain facts are to be made to fit a theory subsequently invented.

L. S. A.: Let me go back for a moment to the dependent Empire. It is dependent on us for many things—for peace within and without its borders, for justice, for progress in health and education, for capital to develop its resources, for a market which is its best market today and may in future be its only assured market. All these advantages it enjoys thanks to our wealth—I am here echoing an argument you used yourself just now. Would you not agree, then, that it is in the interest of the peoples of the dependent Empire that they should promote our prosperity by their trade, so long as that can be done without injury to themselves?

H. S.: Yes, but that is just the whole point. However, let us pass on from that, as there is still another matter I should like to raise, and one of the widest importance. What would be the effect of your policy upon the world at large, and upon our own Empire as part of it? Suppose it carried through; suppose our trade is 're-directed' so that it is wholly, or mainly, inter-Imperial; suppose foreign countries debarred from selling their goods in our markets and from buying food or raw materials from the one-fourth of the earth which is comprised within the British Empire. And suppose that policy is also adopted by any other block of territory which is in a position to be self-contained, or nearly so—the United States, for example, or the French Empire. And if it is right for us, it is right for them. What would be the effect upon the rest of the world? Upon Germany, for example, or Italy, or Japan—countries with large and growing populations which cannot be self-contained economically? What is to be their attitude towards this tendency for great parts of the globe to turn inwards upon themselves in matters of trade, and to exclude them from sharing? Are you not preparing the way for an era of bitter resentment, of resistance, of conflict, of war?

L. S. A.: Not at all. Let me remind you that I have never argued, though you assert it, for a rigid tied-house system in the Empire, or for a Chinese Wall against all foreign trade. All I have advocated is a preferential policy which will direct the main stream of our economic energies towards mutual development,

but which will still leave room, in every part of the Empire, for a substantial over-spill of foreign trade. Germany and Italy need have no fear of our cutting them off from their sources of raw materials. If you ask me how I envisage world economic policy in general, how I reconcile my Empire economics with my conception of what is best for the world as a whole, I would say this. Economic nationalism is, in any case, far too deep-rooted in the political and social tendencies of the world today to allow of a return to the economic internationalism which was the ideal of the nineteenth century. At the same time the conditions of modern production demand far more diversified sources of supply, far larger markets, than most individual countries, save the United States, can provide. There is only one practical solution, in my view, to that dilemma—as, indeed, also to the even more serious dilemma of world political relations and world peace—and that is that the nations should get together in groups, associations, Commonwealths—call them what you like—for mutual economic preference and mutual support, groups large enough for the fullest economic development, and united by some common bond of race or sentiment or geography. From that point of view the policy we inaugurated at Ottawa, so far from being contrary to the general interest, furnishes the right model for others to follow, and may afford yet one more instance of our saving ourselves by our exertions, and others by our example.

H. S.: What a world then, it is, that we are to envisage. Divided up into half-a-dozen or a dozen groups, each drawn together by some newly-discovered bond of race or sentiment or geography. Each group is to do all it can to concentrate its trade within its own area, but to leave a 'substantial over-spill' for the rest of the world. Germany and Italy, it appears, are to be allowed to purchase raw materials from the British Empire, but are they to be allowed to pay for them by sending their manufactures in exchange, competing with our own manufacturers? If not, how can they pay for them? One-way traffic is impossible in international trade. The attempt to establish a one-way traffic has upset almost all the currencies of the world. An attempt to perpetuate it will prevent stable currencies ever being restored. And what advantages can there be from this new world-organisation of imitation British Empires distributed somehow or other over the globe, with their artificially concentrated commerce and their 'substantial over-spills'? If ever it could be set going, in what way would it be better as an ideal for mankind, than letting people who want goods buy them where they can buy best, and people who want to sell goods sell them where they can? You cannot buy goods without paying for them, and you cannot pay for them, in the long run, except by other goods which you make yourself.

You say that tendencies to economic nationalism are too strong nowadays to allow us to withstand them. It is the business of statesmen not to yield to the tendencies of today if they are harmful, but to set going better tendencies for tomorrow.

L. S. A.: Statesmanship has been defined as the art of the possible, and your ideal of every man being free to buy where he chooses and to sell where he can, is just not possible in the world of today. Why, your own constituents in Darwen wouldn't stand for it, if they knew that it means Japanese competition wiping out Lancashire. A division of the world into groups of nations which have some natural reason for coming together and for wishing to co-operate, seems to me a much more possible outcome of the forces at work in the world today, than the establishment either of general Free Trade or of a world super-state to keep the peace. One last word. Empire economic policy is, of course, not a matter of tariffs only. It implies an Empire monetary and financial policy, an Empire shipping and migration policy, and much besides. But I have concentrated on the tariff aspect because it most clearly raises the real issue between us, and that is the issue between a policy which leaves all these economic matters to the play of immediate individual self-interest, and one which aims consciously and deliberately at promoting the strength and unity of the Empire and the standard of living and welfare of its peoples.

H. S.: You are good enough to bring in my constituents of the Darwen Division: they know, as all Lancashire knows, that Ottawa has brought the cotton trade no benefits worth the mention: and they know, as the whole country knows, that the promises made by Protectionists that tariffs here would lead to the breaking-down of tariffs elsewhere, and to the opening up of the world's markets to British trade, have proved a delusion. Your final observations ignore all the disadvantages that follow from your policy. They ignore the fact that it is economic nationalism—as every expert tells us—which has brought the world almost to ruin, and is the main cause of the plight of the unemployed here and in all countries. You ignore the fact that the Ottawa agreements have greatly strengthened those tendencies. While you say that statesmanship should aim at the practicable, you set up the wholly impracticable goal of re-dividing the world into blocks of countries, principally for the purpose that they may shut out each other's trade. I agree that we cannot reach the right goal at a step. But, at least, let us not turn our backs upon it and march away from it. Let us face that way and strive towards it.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.

The Classroom Film

THE Glasgow Education Department, which some time ago pioneered in the field of school broadcasting by granting money towards the provision of wireless sets in its schools, now shows itself equally up to date in encouraging experiment in the schoolroom use of films. A special sub-committee on visual education, under the chairmanship of Sir Charles Cleland and in co-operation with a group of teachers, has during the past eighteen months been carrying out a systematic series of tests in a number of schools regarding the effect of using films regularly as an integral part of teaching work. The Scottish Educational Cinema Society, a voluntary body largely composed of teachers, lent its co-operation to the experiment by supplying the necessary apparatus and assisting in the selecting, editing and producing of the films used. By contrast with the previous experiments in Middlesex schools, the Glasgow experiment concentrated upon problems of actual classroom presentation of films (silent, not sound). Technically the experiment is of interest, because the 9.5 mm. film was used rather than the 16 mm. film. The subject chosen was the Geography of the British Empire, and the films used dealt chiefly with Canadian, African and Australian subjects; many of them were drawn from the library of the late Empire Marketing Board. The films were shown to classes following first or second year primary courses, and chosen from five different schools.

The actual experiment fell into two halves. During 1932 each school provided two classes following a common scheme of work in geography and taught by the same teacher, one of the two classes including a weekly cinema lesson, and the other an alternative equivalent amount of geography teaching with the aid of any other new device of a similar character. Since the results, as shown by the application of tests at the end of the period, did not prove sufficiently definite, a second stage of the experiment was entered upon during the first part of 1933, in which three classes in each school were taken, two with the addition of cinema lessons at different stages of the course and the third without the cinema at all (in other words, a 'control' class). The conclusion reached in the Report*, after the most careful analysis and tests of the retentivity of the pupils concerned, is that the film is advantageous in the classroom, but only under certain conditions and in the hands of certain teachers. The Report declares that 'there seems to be a particular tech-

nique of cinema presentation, the investigation of which is necessary to establish a basis for the development of this form of instruction'. Certain types of lessons lend themselves more than others to film illustration and instruction; on the other hand, the teacher must develop and scrupulously maintain a suitable teaching method adapted to the film chosen. The films used must be more than mere 'interest' films; they must be specifically prepared for the purpose of teaching; and these films must be used as an accompaniment to a lesson and not treated as a lesson in themselves.

In an interesting appendix it is suggested that the maximum length of films for showing in the classroom should be ten minutes; that such films should contain no 'padding', but should concentrate on essentials without being overcrowded with incident; and that they should not include matter which could be given as well or better by ordinary non-film teaching methods. Disturbing elements such as 'split captions' should be avoided by producers, but vital points in the sequence of the picture should be capable of receiving emphasis without the teacher having to resort to slowing down or the use of 'stills'. The teacher is advised to know the film thoroughly beforehand, but to leave it as far as possible to explain itself. As a rule, two showings of each film should be given. The Report concludes that films which satisfy these conditions 'can be introduced as classroom aids without any interruption of ordinary school routine and without causing any strain, physical or mental, to the pupils'. The evidence of the classes tested indicates that pupils taught with the cinema tend to retain what they have learned better than those taught without it.

Week by Week

SIR JOHN KEANE'S five-minute talk after the News Bulletin on December 5 provided a useful postscript to Mr. J. H. Thomas' statement on the Irish question in the House of Commons earlier in the day. His view was that 'a Republic may, no doubt, be unthinkable to many, but all the same it may some day have to be faced', and he went on to point out that the actual loss of British citizenship was one, but not the only, consequence of a Republic. 'The Treaty of 1921 will automatically end and many of its provisions, such, for example, as the responsibility for Ireland's coast defences, a most important matter, will have to be reconsidered. Then again other agreements which were contingent on the Treaty will presumably be re-opened. The most important of these is that dealing with double taxation. As many of you no doubt know, no person solely resident in one country is taxed at a higher rate than that prevailing in the country in which he resides. If he resides in both countries, then he pays at the rate of whichever country is the higher. This arrangement is said to benefit Ireland to the extent of some £300,000 a year. Ireland will presumably also lose the services and the prestige of British diplomacy abroad, and the advantages which Commonwealth association carries at Geneva and in world affairs'. Sir John Keane spoke also of the Irishmen who for generations have served in the King's forces and British professions. 'Even though their fair treatment in the last few years may have reconciled them to a Home Government, they are still deeply concerned at the possible break in ties of sentiment. But we have become hardened to crises and alarms, and this one may in the end turn out more happily than some at present fear. In our country what is expected and feared rarely comes to pass'.

The Board of Education survey of child training in this country, directed by Sir Henry Hadow, has now been completed by the publication of the Report† on Infant and Nursery Schools. Its special interest lies in the experimental nature of the work surveyed. The English conception of the nursery school lies between the extreme views of Froebel, who stressed learning through play and Mme. Montessori who stresses learning through absorption in the job. With Froebel

*The Film in the Classroom. Corporation of Glasgow (Education Department), 129 Bath St., Glasgow, C.6.
†Report of the Consultative Committee on Infant and Nursery Schools. H.M. Stationery Office, 2s. 6d.

the school is a garden, with Mme. Montessori a kind of laboratory. Miss Margaret Macmillan, who, more than anyone else, fashioned the English type, maintained the underlying principles of both that 'so far as possible the child should be put in a position to teach himself, and that the knowledge that he is to acquire should come not so much from an instructor, as from an instructive environment'. It is this conception which the Report explains and extends. It visualises a nursery school that shall take children between the ages of two and five, especially those from homes where they cannot be properly cared for, and place them in an environment of 'trees, plants, animals and places to explore', where they can satisfy their natural impulses. In short, they 'should be surrounded with objects and materials which afford scope for experiment and exploration' and so develop and make delicate their sense perceptions. In general its aims should be 'not so much to implant the knowledge and the habits which civilised adults consider useful, as to aid and supplement the natural growth of the normal child'. Likewise in the Infant School (five to seven), 'the curriculum is to be thought of in terms of activity and experience rather than knowledge to be acquired and facts to be stored'. Thus 'the child should begin to learn the three R's when he wants to do so, whether he be three or six years old'. The Report expresses a strong belief in the necessity of freedom for the child. But unlike so many of Froebel's beliefs which were sentimental, this one is the result of careful scientific observation of the child and his needs. The teacher, too, must be taught that he has not a passive subject to deal with but a curious and experimental spirit.

* * *

The discovery of the almost unknown Great Chronicle of London and the renewed interest in the fate of the Princes in the Tower, has turned public attention for a moment away from the Tudors to the breeding ground of their great age, the fifteenth century. Owing to the scarcity of original authorities, this is the period of our history most shrouded in mystery. The Church Chroniclers were beginning to lose heart in the stormy world of the Yorkist domination. So the tale was taken up by the citizens of London, whose growing political influence was a sign of the new commercial age about to dawn. History in their hands became national, and it is in their writings, to a great extent, that Shakespeare found his sources. Now as far as we ourselves are concerned, Shakespeare is probably the best historian of the period, since in the absence of concrete facts our understanding of the later Middle Ages is largely emotional. Consequently Shakespeare's portrait of Richard III, got from Sir Thomas More, has been generally accepted as a true one. When Mr. Lawrence Tanner, explaining the results of the recent exhumation of the bones of the Princes in the Tower, concluded that 'the guilt of the murder can be fixed now, just four and a half centuries after the crime, upon the first suspect Richard III', he found many enthusiasts ready to support him. It is clear that Mr. Leonard May, who, on the other hand, wishes to revise our opinion of Richard III, has set himself an uphill task. 'As the result of a knowledge of his character', he wrote in a letter to *The Times*, 'gained from the study of the materials over a period of a quarter of a century, I refuse to believe that he was concerned in the murder of his nephews'. This doubt may well be one of the first decided by a study of the Great Chronicle, now purchased by Lord Wakefield and presented to the Guildhall Library. By the beauty of its script and illumination we know it to have been a perfect mediæval document. We know, too, that the Chronicler knew much more than contemporary history, being acquainted with the great heroic myths of the age, among them that of King Lear and his daughters, on which the great Elizabethans fed. Myths may not be true history, but they are the finest indication of the emotional quality of an age. And study of the Great Chronicle may well reveal Shakespeare to have been a much better historian than he is usually believed to be.

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At the present moment there is probably more leisure, enforced and voluntary, in the world than at any previous period in history, yet whilst the channels for the profitable use of leisure have been multiplied our knowledge of how leisure is actually being used is rudimentary. It is high time that more light was thrown on the subject. The discovery of the relevant facts is the kind of work which the many voluntary organisa-

tions all over the country concerned with cultural and educational activity may very well undertake. In this respect Hull Community Council sets an example to other similar bodies in the survey of the use of leisure in Hull which it has just published*. The pamphlet tells us more or less exactly how the people of Hull, young and old, employ their leisure, and discusses whether the facilities for recreation, sport and culture are adequate or not. Some extremely interesting facts emerge. For a population of over 313,000 persons, there are cinemas with a total seating capacity of about 33,000; football matches which accommodate about 20,000 spectators every Saturday; 300 publichouses and 139 clubs with nearly 40,000 members; two greyhound racing tracks amusing over 2,500 people per week; over 40,000 wireless licences; and four theatres. There is public provision of 394 acres of parks and playing fields (at least double this area is really needed), allotments for nearly 5,000 people, an art gallery, six museums and seven public libraries (with a stock of nearly a quarter of a million books) and five evening institutes provided by the Hull Education Committee. Voluntary associations, including churches, business firms and cultural and educational societies of all kinds, provide a multitude of sporting facilities (including leagues for the playing of 'tip-it', a game which seems to flourish in Hull), as well as carrying on musical, literary, dramatic and scientific activities. The pamphlet, however, admits that only about 5,000 persons in all (of whom only 500 are 'students' in the narrow sense of the term) are taking part in the cultural organisations of the city of Hull, and that 'it is the cultural influences in the home rather than the cultural organisations which have the greatest influence on the lives of the citizens of Hull'. Even in regard to amateur sport, only about one in every eight or nine young men between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four are actually able to play football regularly. Recreative facilities are still inadequate to real needs, and much leisure is being spent in wasteful forms of activity, including gambling and loafing. The interest of this Report is that it raises the question whether Hull is typical in its cultural life of our northern towns generally, and if so whether the state of affairs is satisfactory or capable of substantial improvement.

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With the conclusion of the repeat performances of twelve of the most successful of past wireless plays, the plans for broadcast drama revert to the normal—that is, to a judicious mixture of new productions, adaptations from stage plays and books, and revivals of past successes. When Mr. L. du Garde Peach first began to write radio drama, he was best known as the author of humorous articles in *Punch*, but with such plays as 'The Path of Glory', 'Bread', and 'The Marie Celeste', he showed how equally capable he was of handling a serious theme. Now he is to return—temporarily, at least—to lighter vein, and in 'Meet Mrs. Beeton' (to be broadcast during the week beginning December 30) the author of the famous cookery book appears as a charming young lady whose delicious concoctions provoke in all her acquaintances a longing to run away with her. In the following week three short plays will be presented together—'Chez Maurice' by C. M. Franzero, 'Night Mail Blackmail' by Margaret McDonell, and 'Boys Together', a translation by M. H. Allen from the French of Paul Géraudy. This short comedy, by the author of 'Les Noces d'Argent', 'Aimer' and 'Robert et Marianne', was first performed in 1922 at the Comédie Française, and deals with the misunderstanding between a father and son. Perhaps the most interesting production of the first few weeks of 1934 will be 'The King's Tryall' by Peter Creswell, to be given near the anniversary of Charles I's execution on January 30, 1649. The proceedings of the High Court of Justice will be related in two main parts and an interlude, the first part giving with the aid of narrators a dramatic summary of the events leading up to the trial, the interlude and second part dealing with the trial itself. Among other January broadcasts will be 'Two Gentlemen of Verona', Ibsen's 'Ghosts', and 'Trent's Last Case' by E. C. Bentley—one of the earliest detective stories. And plans for the first quarter of 1934 include also 'As You Like It', Tchekov's 'Seagull', Galsworthy's 'Loyalties' and Kästner's 'Emil and the Detectives', which, since its first appearance as a novel in 1929, has already had success as a play in all parts of Europe (the English version was given at the Croydon Repertory Theatre in June); and as a film which in one cinema in Paris alone ran for over twelve months.

* *The Use of Leisure in Hull*. Social Survey Committee of Hull Community Council. 3d. From 501 Anlaby Road, Hull

'Anywhere for a News Story'

The Earthquake at Messina

By BERNARD GRANT

WHEN I stepped gingerly ashore from a small boat on to the broken front at Messina on New Year's Day, 1909, I expected to be swallowed up or crushed at any minute. And really I had pretty good cause for this pessimism. The city lay shattered by the greatest earthquake in our time, but what disconcerted me most was the almost continuous underground thunder of more earthquakes; small ones certainly, but, nevertheless, earthquakes. The big disaster had occurred in the dead of night four days before, and as soon as the news reached London, *The Daily Mirror* had sent me out to take photographs. I had a wretched journey, chiefly because a blizzard in the Channel caused the ship to take nine hours in crossing instead of about one, with the result that I lost the best train connections across Europe. I couldn't get a sleeper, so I was already tired out when I reached Naples, where, for the first time, I got authentic news of what had happened.

Survivors were pouring into the city, and I heard endless stories of death and destruction. I heard of tens of thousands of people killed, of cities and villages laid to waste, and of all sorts of horrible incidents, such as the swallowing up of a train in a mountain by the collapse of a tunnel. Even then I did not know that things were as bad as they really were, for it was long afterwards that I learned the official estimate that at least seventy-seven thousand men, women and children had lost their lives in Messina alone, a city with one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, in which not one building had withstood the shock undamaged.

I found that I could not carry out my intention of going on down to the toe of Italy and crossing to Messina from Reggio because that town had been wiped out and the railways in the south destroyed. So, after some delay, I obtained permission to go on from Naples in a relief ship. I sailed in the evening in a ship packed with doctors, nurses, troops, and people going in

underside of which was lit by the flames of a huge fire that had broken out among the ruins. It all looked very sinister and I hated the idea of landing. Even as I stepped into a boat to be rowed ashore there was an earthquake, and it was little consolation to me to be told that it was only a minor tremor.

As it turned out, it was not at all easy to reach land, because the two wild looking Sicilians rowing my boat suddenly stopped work and held me to ransom, demanding money with considerable menace, at least so far as I could judge, knowing nothing of their tongue. While shouting at me and waving their arms they let the boat drift. Twice we bumped against the dead bodies of horses, and the boatmen got so excited that I became anxious to relieve the situation by paying. I tried them with Italian notes, and they took a few of these as a sort of make-weight, but I discovered they were demanding, and intended to have, English gold. Nothing else would do. We have nearly forgotten it, but we carried gold in those days—so I paid, and soon afterwards I reached land.

The whole place was in a shocking state. The water-front had fallen in so that the lamp-posts stood at drunken angles with the sea lapping round their bases. All the buildings had collapsed. Until I got a little used to the conditions I had a nasty feeling that if I didn't step lightly I should shake down some of the tottering ruins, but actually they were coming down in all directions without any assistance from me. I expected to find gaps in the earth, but the widest crack I saw was about three inches across.

I left the front and, clambering over the wreckage, made my way to what had been the centre of the city. At one point troops held me up, making me understand that they expected the remains of a large building to fall; even as they spoke it crashed, and two soldiers standing apart from the others were killed before my eyes.

British, French and Russian sailors, landed from the warships in the Straits, were helping the Italians in the work of rescue and fire-fighting. Many injured people were still buried beneath the ruins, those who were unfortunate enough to be sleeping in lower rooms or basements during the great shock. Occasionally I saw corpses in inaccessible places. Perhaps the incident which brought home to me most vividly the horror of this thing was the howling of a dog which I could just hear deep below me as I rested on a pile of debris. I realised that hundreds of human beings were in a similar plight.

The work of the sailors, landed from the four British cruisers which had come to the rescue at full steam from Malta, was beyond praise. I saw them everywhere, performing the most dangerous acts with easy self-assurance and without flurry. Some were digging in the ruins, wherever there were signs of life, and those they rescued were rushed off to hospitals they had established ashore and afloat. Others were fire-fighting, a difficult and dangerous task because the flames were being fed by escaping gas. They had the knack of doing kindly acts in such a natural way. Many a homeless child slept under a seaman's coat, and wherever naval men were stationed there were youngsters hanging round.

I had been warned not to stoop about among the ruins because the soldiers had been given orders to shoot looters at sight. This was because bands of robbers had come in from the hills almost immediately after the disaster and had reaped a rich harvest among the wreckage of the banks and the shops. At first there were pitched battles between the bandits and the troops, but the soldiers were in control by the time I got there.

Towards evening I decided that I had done enough and must make for home with my pictures. I was dreadfully dirty, dog-tired, and very hungry. All I had eaten that day was some raisins which I had brought with me because I had been told they contained more nourishment than any other food of similar bulk. This may be true, but the experience nearly cured me of eating



Messina after the great earthquake

Photographs by the Author

search of their friends. I had nowhere to sleep. There was not even a vacant spot on the tables in the saloons, so I made the best of a coil of rope on deck. I doubt whether I could have done worse. Rope is dreadfully hard after a few hours, and I was shivering with cold, but I was too fatigued to look for better quarters.

At last came the first streaks of daylight, and soon afterwards we cast anchor in the Straits of Messina. At first I thought things were not so bad, the houses on the water-front seemed more or less upright, but as the light got better I saw that what appeared to be fine buildings were really only the fronts with nothing to support them except heaps of wreckage. Over one part of the city there hung a great cloud of black smoke, the

raisins. I discovered the next ship to leave was the *Lombardia*, but there was to be more delay. She could not sail before daylight as the lighthouses had fallen and the bottom of the Straits might have altered. What was worse, she was bound for Leghorn, a much longer voyage than Naples. However, I went out to her and, after some argument, was allowed to mount a rope ladder and go aboard.

It is not surprising that my welcome was somewhat cold, for that ship was in a terrible state. What a Board of Trade inspector would have thought I hardly dare to think. The decks, the saloons, the cabins, in fact every available space was packed with refugees, men, women, and many children, lying on the floors, on the tables and even in the baths. There were too many people on the floors of the bath-rooms for me to get in to have a wash, and for a time I could find no space to sit down.

Soon after coming aboard I was fortunate to meet a French journalist named Tardieu, and later we were joined by an American newspaper man named Thomson. We were all worried about the delay in the start and the long voyage ahead, but the officers of the ship would not even discuss any alteration: not surprising, of course. And then, suddenly, Tardieu had a brain-wave. He proposed to go and see the King of Italy, who had arrived in a battleship, and to get him to order that we should be landed at Naples before the ship went on to Leghorn, another day's journey. Off he went, and sure enough when he came back he had the King's written order that we three, and we three alone, were to be landed at Naples.

Having heard the good news, I set about finding somewhere to spend the night, and at last I took possession of all that was left of a short flight of stairs leading to a saloon, much to the annoyance of those already there. As a matter of fact I soon became pretty annoyed myself, because the people passing up and down the flight almost always trod on me. Out of sheer exhaustion I fell asleep, but not for long. Suddenly there was the most awful noise, a terrifying roar that jarred the body and left me deafened. I knew, of course, that it was a big earthquake. The ship was shuddering in an extraordinary manner and it was difficult to move about. I tried to get on deck through a mass of wildly shrieking refugees who came rushing down the stairs. In the saloon was pandemonium. The survivors were screaming and knocking one another over as they fought to reach the door. As I passed I saw a young priest standing on a table with arms outstretched, splendidly calm in the midst of the wild hubbub. The earthquake was still on when I reached the deck. All was darkness except for the glow of the great fire, and the searchlights of the war-ships whose arms of light were sweeping across the land. In the discs of brilliance I could see terror-stricken people running aimlessly, and the ruined buildings falling in clouds of dust. With arms stretched out before them, those people dashed about crossing and recrossing the patches of light. Many were crushed beneath the falling masonry.

About eleven o'clock that night we steamed slowly into the Bay of Naples, and, in the pale moonlight, it was very beautiful. But my friends and I were thinking of other things; we planned an elaborate meal ashore to supplement the small dish of macaroni which was all we had eaten that day, and I for one promised myself a bath and some hours in bed.

The captain sent orders that we were to stand at a certain spot on the deck where a gangway would be put to take us off, and soon afterwards we became aware that the ship's officers were having serious trouble with the refugees, of whom there were about two thousand. It seemed they had at first thought they had reached their destination, but when it became known among them that they would have to endure another long voyage they flatly refused to go on. They shouted wildly at the captain and threatened forcibly to prevent the ship leaving the Bay. It was useless to explain that so many survivors had already been brought in that there was nowhere in the city for them to sleep; they made it perfectly clear that they intended to fight if there was any attempt to raise the anchor with them on board.

And for five hours this ridiculous deadlock continued. Discussions of great length took place between our commander and a short stout man wearing a frock coat and a bowler hat who stood

on the roof of the wheelhouse of a motor-boat which had come out to us. He made great orations, driving home the finer points by vigorously waving a large umbrella, and his sentences were punctuated by hoots and howls from the assembled Sicilians. After each talk he returned to the land, but sure enough he would come back with a new speech prepared. Again and again he ordered the captain to leave with us on board, but the sailor would have none of it; he said he had received orders from his King to land three foreigners at Naples and he intended to do so. He demanded soldiers to protect our departure and to quell the riot he expected, but the landsman would not agree. At last the speech-maker came to tell us that all were to be landed and we thought the worst of our



Refugees camping near the ruins of their home after the earthquake

troubles were over. But the captain, quoting the King's order, pointed out that he was not permitted to allow this; three foreigners were to go, no more and no less. However, after another long talk he was persuaded, and at four in the morning we landed, bowed down with our baggage and fatigue. We tottered to an all-night restaurant and ate like gluttons, but I had lost my chance of a bed. The next train north left within two hours and I caught it. Again there was no sleeping car and I was faced with two more days and nights of travel in its most uncomfortable form.

And then, once again, the unexpected happened. At a point south of Florence a passenger train in front of mine collided with a goods train and the wreckage completely blocked the line. Further, I learned that twenty-four people had been killed and many injured. In the ordinary way I should have got to that accident somehow, but, as I already had pictures of the destruction of a city, I knew that those of the railway disaster were hardly worth taking.

In these days I am sure everyone has come to expect to see pictures of almost all important events in any part of the world published in the papers the day after they occur. And, thanks to enterprise, aeroplanes, and the telegraphing of pictures, we are rarely disappointed. And yet this state of affairs has come upon us very swiftly. As I have shown, things were very different twenty-five years ago. In spite of the slow methods of transport on that Messina journey, in spite of delays caused by a blizzard, by earthquakes, by a threatened riot, and by a railway accident, I reached London again with the first pictures of that great disaster. And no one was more surprised than I was.

The League of Nations Union has published a useful list of books, suitable for children and teachers, which deal with international relations, problems of peace, and the work of the League. The books are graded as suitable for children and young people from the age of eight upwards, and a list is also given for the guidance of the reading of adults. All the books on the list can be purchased or borrowed from the headquarters of the Union. Another useful service which the Union performs in its educational work is the issue of a monthly list of recommended current films, with annotations likely to help parents in the choice of what to take their children to see at the cinema.



On the 26th August, 1856, MR. GEORGE HOY, of 7 Chester Street, Green Street, Bethnal Green, sent a Challenge to the Directors of the Eastern Counties Railway, to run his Donkey against some of their business Trains—he has since run against and beaten them.

Economics in a Changing World—X

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

The Transport Question

HAS it ever occurred to you that within a comparatively small number of years our children may be quoting with amused irreverence some of our present expressions of opinion? That what seems good commonsense to us may seem antiquated nonsense to the people of the nineteen-sixties? These reflections arise from a perusal of the findings of a preliminary report issued by an International Committee of experts which was set up by the International Chamber of Commerce to examine the situation created by the increasing competition between the railways and motor transport.

This problem is the crucial issue of national transport policy in all civilised countries at the present time, and before I tell you something of the contents of this report I want to underline the meaning of the title of this series of talks 'Economics in a Changing World'. I can do so by giving you three quotations which show the magnitude of the change during the past century in our attitude towards this transport question. I found the first two in a book called *The Roads of England*, by R. M. C. Anderson. In 1824 the Stockton to Darlington railway was contemplating the venture of booking passenger traffic, the early railways having been built to haul coal. Upon hearing of this notion of carrying men by rail, the *Tyne Mercury* wrote: 'What person would ever think of paying anything to be conveyed from Hexham to Newcastle in something like a coal-waggon, upon a dreary waggon way, and to be dragged for the greater part of the distance by a ROARING STEAM-ENGINE'. In 1839 we find *The Sporting Magazine* observing that 'once the novelty (of rail travel) has subsided, we shall seldom hear of a gentleman condescending to assume this hasty mode of transit, compatible only with

men of business and mercantile travellers'. Then in Fay's book *Great Britain from Adam Smith to the Present Day*, I discovered that when the old Eastern Counties railway first proposed to run excursion trains to Cambridge on Sundays, the Vice-Chancellor of the University wrote to the directors of the railway company. He protested against an innovation which had as its object the attraction of 'foreigners and undesirable characters to the University of Cambridge on that sacred day'. The Vice-Chancellor concluded his observations with the dictum

that 'such a proceeding would be as displeasing to Almighty God as it is to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge'. Why on earth some enterprising film company does not make a great 'Cavalcade' type of picture of the economic changes since the Industrial Revolution, beats me. . . . No love interest I suppose. Well, the railways came and the stage coaches disappeared and the roads of England were silent and dusty till the petrol engine brought the horseless carriage, the sports car, the motor charabanc and the motor lorry, and the casualty lists which are part of the price of progress, if this indeed be progress.

All over the world, the railways, seemingly secure in their semi-monopolistic position, began to feel the strain, and during the last few years the problem of road *versus* rail has become acute. In Great Britain the Salter report of 1932 dealt with part of the problem, but I might remark in passing that we have yet to discover what is the best economic distribution of goods traffic between road and rail. The answer to this question is still shrouded in the mists which overhang the unknown territories of the planned-economy world into which twentieth-century man seems to be advancing with cautious foot-steps in Great Britain, with bounding leaps in the U.S.A. Surveying this road-rail question internationally, the preliminary report of experts to which I



Contrast the present-day 'Flying Scotsman' with the comic-opera engine of the Eastern Counties Railway of 77 years ago, as caricatured above

referred five minutes ago reaches the conclusion that there are four possible solutions:

- (1) Unrestricted competition.
- (2) A combined monopoly of all land transport.
- (3) Two competitive monopolies; one road and one rail.
- (4) Co-ordination of competition between road and rail.

Within the limits of their present organisations the experts dismiss solution number one (unrestricted competition) but as regards the others content themselves with pointing out that number four is now finding favour in most parts of the world. It involves creating a balance between rail and motor transport as regards the charges and regulations to which they are subject. The chairman of the experts, Professor Most, pointed out that the creation of an international policy of transport was dependent upon the nature of national policies, and that 'motor transport was becoming more and more part of international traffic' calling for international agreements.

The subject of air-transport is clearly on the agenda in front of twentieth-century man. There are proposals for the internationalisation of civil aviation—proposals at the moment more closely related to schemes for ensuring political peace and security than to purely economic matters, but the connection between politics and economics in such a business is the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and I hope that nothing I say in these talks will ever deceive you into supposing that you are entitled to file either political or economic matters in separate compartments of your mind. And, now to another matter.

Standard of Living

YOU WILL HAVE READ IN THE PAPERS during the last few months a good deal about the question of Eastern competition both in textiles and other commodities. There has been a debate in the House of Commons. An unofficial deputation from Lancashire has visited India and held discussions with the Bombay mill-owners; and at the present time conversations are proceeding between British and Japanese textile people in this country. I do not propose to discuss these negotiations because the time is not ripe to do so. My purpose in mentioning their existence is to refer briefly to one of the factors—and it is a big one—which underlies the economic relationship between East and West: that is, the question of 'standards of living'. This phrase 'standard of living' is one of those catch-words so easy to use, so difficult—perhaps even impossible—to define. It is hard enough to make valid comparisons between standards of living inside a social unit; it is harder still to do so internationally. You will often hear people say that the standard of living in X is lower than the standard of living in Y; next time your friend does this, cross-examine him. We may describe (not define) the expression 'standard of living' as being intended to indicate 'the economic satisfactions or utilities which an individual derives from the consumption of the goods and services he is able to obtain over a period of time'. But how to measure satisfactions? I can make an attempt to get out a comparative table of your personal satisfactions by finding out your choices. If you have an option of talk or music on the wireless, as you have at this moment, and you switch me off to put on the music, then I can infer that, as the price of your yearly licence is the same in each case, you expect to derive more satisfaction from listening to the concert than you are at present deriving from this talk. But when we come to the question of comparing satisfactions of individuals it is a very different kettle of fish. And when we have to try

to make comparisons between the total satisfaction of a group of people—say, textile workers in Lancashire—with another group of people—say, textile workers in Osaka—the matter becomes even more complicated.

If you still cast your mind back to our description of the standards of living you will remember that we talked of the goods and services an individual could 'obtain'. How does he obtain them? By spending his income. Can we make any progress in our standards-of-living inquiry along this line? Not much, as you will realise if you ever examine a recently-published book called *International Wage Comparisons*. Information about wages in various countries is incomplete and never comparable. Even when you have made some attempt to get out a table showing wage rates, you are then faced not only with the question of what this money will buy, but what different people will want to buy. If you are interested in this question you will find a mass of material in the International Labour Office's *Study of International Comparisons of Costs of Living*. In this volume an attempt was made to compare the cost of living of a group of workers in a motor factory in Detroit with a group of workers in motor factories in fourteen European countries.

The volume and proportion of income which an individual will spend on foodstuffs, clothes, housing, and amusements will depend on his national habits, the climatic conditions of his place of residence, and other variables. It is clear that even if a British workman and a worker in the Far East were enjoying the same standard of living, that is to say, if we could invent some sort of a machine which when connected up to these two gentlemen showed that they were both enjoying the same extent of satisfaction, yet they would almost certainly be consuming different goods in order to get this equality of satisfaction. A beef-steak and a pint of ale might give the Englishman a satisfaction equivalent to that obtained by an Eastern man from a bowl of rice and cup of weak tea. The money price of the Englishman's 'satisfaction' would be many times greater than that of the Eastern man. It is when these two are both producing for the world's market the trouble begins, for in so far as labour costs enter into final costs, an Eastern man may need only a very small wage in order to obtain a standard of living which is the equivalent of that enjoyed by his much more highly paid Western rival. This is undoubtedly one of the big international problems of the near future.

Now for a few remarks about the volume of world industrial production as calculated by the Institut für Konjunkturforschung. The calculations exclude Russian production. The latest available figures take us up to September, 1933. Between March and July of 1933 the index of world production rose from 66 to 86. Since July it has fallen back to 79. The production for 1928 is taken as being 100. Taking one or two countries by themselves during the third quarter of 1933, the Board of Trade Index for the United Kingdom has remained steady at 91.7; Canada has risen from 70 to 76; France and Belgium have gone back slightly; the U.S.A. has gone back from 90 to 76. In every case the production for 1928 is taken as the standard year represented by the figure 100. That is production. As regards world trade—or the international exchange of commodities—the League of Nations statistics show that the index of the gold value of world trade in September was 36. It was 37 in September, 1932, and for the boom year 1929 it was 100. *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

In conclusion I must thank a number of listeners for drawing my attention to a misquotation at the end of the last talk. I said that Brer Rabbit lay low. What I should have said was, 'The Tar Baby kep on saying nuffin and Brer Fox he lay low'.

Films Worth Seeing

In his talk on December 6, Mr. Oliver Baldwin recommended the following films:

MY LIPS BETRAY (American), 'is set in a sort of Ruritania and follows conventional lines without much difficulty. Lilian Harvey and John Boles are the leads and El Brendel takes the comedy role. The director is John Blystone, and much of his work is reminiscent of the direction of "Congress Dances". John Boles as a musically-inclined king has one or two songs of no particular merit, but the picture is Lilian Harvey's and she is always worth watching. The sets are well above the Hollywood average'.

HOLD YOUR MAN (American), 'has plenty of meat in it. The story is by Anita Loos of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" fame and deals with a couple of attractive crooks, who get into trouble; the girl (Jean Harlow) going to a reformatory and the boy (Clark Gable) to a prison. The direction by Sam Wood is extremely slick and there isn't a false sequence in it'.

IMAGINARY SWEETHEART (American) with Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster, 'gives you an insight into the way Americans make stars. It deals with a young girl who has a fine radio voice and is advertised by the wash-cloth company that runs her as the "Purity Girl", one who never swears or smokes or makes up or does anything good little girls are not meant to do. Ginger

Rogers, as the Purity Girl, gets fed up with all this and wants to lead a more exciting life. Zasu Pitts is very amusing in this picture as a woman reporter, and Frank McHugh is on top of his form'. **LA MATERNELLE** (French), still playing at the Academy, Oxford Street, 'deals with a young woman who looks after little children in a French kindergarten and you never saw such varied types of little boys and girls. Madeleine Renaud plays the lead and Mady Berry supplies the comedy. All lovers of good cinema should enjoy this'.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (American), 'has just come to England and I am certain you will be as interested as I am to see what they have made of it. The following artists are appearing in it: Jack Duffy, Alison Skipworth, Raymond Hatton, Polly Moran, Edna May Oliver, Mae Marsh, Charlie Ruggles, Roscoe Ates, Jack Oakie, Richard Arlen and Gary Cooper; while Charlotte Henry will play Alice. There's a cast for you!'

THUNDER OVER MEXICO (American), Eisenstein's new picture, 'has emerged from the hospital and what is left of it has been shown to a few people in America. We have not yet heard what Eisenstein thinks of it, but when he does speak he ought to be interesting. I do not feel, however, that it will have much to do with thunder, but I am full of hopes that it will still show something of Mexico'.

*The National Character—XI**The Housewife*

By ARTHUR BRYANT

IN nine cases out of ten, ninety-nine out of a hundred in the old days, a woman becomes a housewife. So that in a very real sense in talking about the character of the housewife I am talking about the character of every Englishwoman. First of all, let me say frankly that some of the nicest things that have ever been said or written have been of Englishwomen. Six hundred years ago a poet was inspired to write of one of them:

Nothing is to men so deer
As woman's love on good manner
A good woman is manny's bliss,
There her love right and steadfast is.
There is no solace under Heaven
Of all that a man may never
That should a man so moche glew
As a good woman that loveth trew
No dearer is none in Godde's herd
Than a chaste woman with lovely word.

You may say that this was just the kind of ideal of women foolish men formed—and that most women were nothing of the kind. True: but the whole glory of woman, it seems to me, is that she is given to the world to provide an ideal, and, if she is true to herself and is allowed a fair chance, she approximates to that ideal, and becomes to man a wonder and an inspiration.

One often hears it said today that woman is penalised and her life narrowed because she is condemned to live at home, keep house and rear children. Hence the agitation that she should have a vote, become a magistrate or a parish councillor, adopt a

civilisation to future generations. I know there are many women alive today who would deny this: I reply that they do so because they have been starved of the satisfaction of those instincts by the cruel, and, I believe, temporary conditions of the modern world. As for marriage, I would only say this: that for man and woman alike it is the most important adventure either can take and that on its success or failure may depend whether life is

heaven or hell, but that in that adventure, woman must or should be the guide, for it is on her instinct for the affections, so much more sensitive and balanced than the man's, that its success mainly rests. I admit that there are some men with whom no woman could do anything, but in more cases than not, provided the woman is given a decent chance (which in the modern world she so frequently isn't) I think failure in marriage is due to a lack of this instinct in the woman. But she must be given a fair chance in her own upbringing and in the kind of home she has to work in. And as that seems to me what such a lot of English

women today are not given, I should like to look back to the past of England and see whether the essential for good housewifery (which is good womanhood) were any more present than they are today. I won't go further back than the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—the last age, that is, when England was an agricultural as opposed to an urban civilisation. There is no need to.

The first outstanding thing in the life of an English housewife in those days is that her business seems to have been on the whole a pleasure to her. I think this was true of all classes in the community—except perhaps the dwellers in the slums of London, who after all were still comparatively a small proportion of the total population. I don't mean to say that English women in those days were ideally happy: they were nothing of the kind, of course. But they didn't find the job they had to do in life distasteful or opposed to their instincts; it was in fact the job they wanted to do.

Now I think this was due to two causes. The life of a seventeenth-century Englishwoman was complete in two particulars: the spiritual side of her nature, which is the woman's peculiar concern, was satisfied and at peace, and she was educated for what was of necessity her task in life—keeping house. Spiritually she was at peace because she believed implicitly in a religion that taught that her lot was blessed: that a sweet home-loving life such as a woman loves was the best of all human lives: that living it, in meekness and mercy and loving kindness, she should inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

Again, the natural impulse of women towards external beauty was not frustrated in seventeenth-century England. Even the poorest had the green fields and trees at their door, and there was a wealth of fine popular music, of dancing, of traditional pageantry, that was within the reach of everybody. No one could complain that they were starved of colour and beauty in that England—though in more material ways they were often terribly poor. And among the well-to-do the business of keeping house provided a constant means of satisfying that woman's instinct for beauty. It is curious, considering with what painfully ugly things so many modern English houses are filled, to see how beautiful were the objects of daily use with which our seventeenth-century mothers delighted to fill their homes: not merely their pictures and furniture and hangings, but their glass and pottery and pewter, their plate and linen and the most insignificant articles of daily use. All this was the housewife's province, and often she not only chose the loveliness she needed as a background to her home, but helped to create it in person: the beautiful chair covers and needlework panels that sometimes adorn old country houses were generally made by the skilful fingers and fine taste of the mistress of the house and her maids. So, too, she made music part of her home; trained in singing, lute and virginals, she supplied it home made, as she



Playing the Virginal: an eighteenth-century engraving by Hollar
From 'English Women in Life and Letters', by Phillips and Tomkinson (O.U.P.)



Life and character of the English gentlewoman as seen by a seventeenth-century artist

From 'English Women in Life and Letters', by Phillips and Tomkinson (O.U.P.)

profession. I believe—and I know this is probably an unpopular thing to say—that such agitation is the result of exceptional and transient circumstances, that may never occur again, and certainly will not last. It may be that the future may hold in store some other social system of co-operation between men and women than marriage, though what form it could take I am at a loss to conceive. But of one thing I feel certain, that the vast majority of women will always want to do what all their deepest instincts prompt them to: to make some man happy, to bring children into the world, to give them all the best they have to give, to civilise mankind, and to hand down the torch of that

made her own preserves and sweetmeats. It was her business and her delight to make her home, and that of her husband and children, a thing of loveliness and grace.

For the making of such homes, all their education prepared them. Like the old English education in craftsmanship of which I spoke in an earlier talk, it was home, not school-made education, in that it was handed down from mother to daughter. But it was thorough and it did its work of making wives and mothers fit for what was to be the big business of their lives. A girl was taught to be graceful and beautiful by being schooled in the arts of dancing and deportment and riding, and the still lovelier art of manners, and so to rule the hearts of those she was later to control and guide; she was taught also to be skilful with her needle and to be mistress of all those sciences of domestic creation and renovation that are the necessary machinery of daily life. Above all she was taught to be what our ancestors delighted to call a 'notable housewife'—the kind of woman who was a joy to her husband, an inspiration to her children, a pride to her friends and guests. She was brought up to be the maker of the best thing life offers—a gracious and noble home. That was enough for her: great lady as she might be, she had no wish to share in politics, to sit on committees, to travel. And when one considers what a great English home of the seventeenth century was like, one realises that she had no need to.

For an English country house of those days was a little world of its own—a factory, agricultural and domestic, as well as a house. Everything was made in it, and in its outlying barns, yards and breweries; even the candles and rush-lights, the soap, the tooth washes, so dear to our ancestors, of 'vinegar, rosemary, myrrh, ammonia, dragon's herb, rock alum, and fine cinnamon' and the like. There was the household to be tended and directed, far vaster than any modern one, since everything had to be done at home and there were no public services for supplying so many of the needs of life as there are today; there were the fishponds to be stocked, the herb garden to be tended, the sick to be nursed and prescribed to from those curious herbals. In all this the housewife of those days was not content to be merely sufficient: she gave herself to it with an enthusiasm and exactitude which, though sometimes in medical matters unscientific and misguided, provided the true zest of life, and without which nobody, man or woman, I believe, can be happy.

Most of all did she apply her industry and enthusiasm to the business of feeding her household. No lady in those days was too great to be mistress of her own kitchen. Not only did she deem it her special right and privilege to make cakes and sweetmeats with her own hands for favoured guests, but she made it her business to supervise and direct the whole elaborate science of preparing food. And here, as in everything else, no trouble was too much to provide the very best that thought and ingenuity could devise.

Thanks to the English housewife no foreign visitor in those days could complain as poor Walter Page did during his sojourn here in the War, that there were only three vegetables in England and that two of them were cabbage. Though our ancestresses hadn't the same power of taking toll of the most distant corners of the earth to fulfil their needs as we, they used to the full every resource for the enrichment of man's body and physical well-being that was within their reach. Their salads make rare reading for anyone used to the meagre and monotonous salads of modern English households. 'Young buds and knots of all manner of wholesome herbs at their first springing' mixed with red sage, mint, lettuce, violets, marigolds,

spinach with a flavouring of almonds, raisins, figs, capers, olives, currants and slices of oranges and lemons, is not bad for a humble housewife. And here I had better add that the seventeenth-century housewife had a far easier task to obtain pure, fresh, unadulterated natural foods than her modern descendants. The fields, and all their resources, were at her doors. But given that advantage, she deserves full praise: for in her day she made a real art of the business of living, and made, after its own manner, the good fare of England foremost in the world.

Yet the pinnacle of all a seventeenth-century housewife's skill and devotion—as ever with a woman—was the nursery. To 'fill the cradle' (emptied so swiftly by infant mortality) 'with sweet, brave babes', as one letter of the time puts it, was her supreme aspiration: that and to ensure that those babes should be made partakers of the civilisation of which she was the minister.

The same causes as we have seen operating elsewhere to modify the manifestations of English character changed the nature of the English wife. When the rich and powerful became too grand to look after their own nurseries and kitchens, something of the glory was taken from the profession of housewifery. English women are very susceptible to social influences—more so I think than their menfolk—and they could scarcely be expected to be very enthusiastic about keeping house when they were brought up to think that such prosaic concerns were beneath the dignity of a great lady. They had to do it, of course, but the thrill of it was gone, and housekeeping in England gradually came to be regarded as a necessary but uninteresting job, to be got over as quickly as possible and in a dull, prideless kind of way. Really fortunate women escaped it altogether: they spent all their time in the drawing room, played the piano, or (a little later on) bridge, and went in for foreign travel and enlarging their minds. And in Victorian days the word 'lady' came to mean some-

body very elegant and delicate and rarefied, who couldn't possibly be expected to do any work and who was, though socially a great asset, quite useless. Which was very bad luck for the lady, who suffered from her enforced uselessness a great deal more than anybody else.

Of course such a state of affairs couldn't last long: it was too much removed from the realities of human nature, and it required a great deal of surplus wealth to make it possible at all. Only a very rich nation—or at least a nation with a lot of very rich people—could preserve, as it were, such exotic and economically useless creatures. Today we are no longer a very rich nation in that sense, and few households are wealthy enough to keep a professional housekeeper or can afford to leave the housekeeping to look after itself. Moreover, the ordinary upper class Englishwoman refuses any longer to be relegated to a life of enforced idleness: she demands outlets for her activities and gets them too. So we see her engaging in all sorts of occupations: serving on committees, entering business, running shops, or taking up politics or social service. But unfortunately in all this admirable public activity and enthusiasm, the importance of making the background of life healthy, contentful and beautiful has been a little overlooked. One does sometimes enter well-to-do English homes in which an air of comely peace pervades the whole family and household (as so clearly from old letters one sees it pervaded English homes two centuries ago), but more often there is some jarring note and the feeling—particularly common in London, I think—that the house is an empty shell from which its inmates would be rather glad to escape to some gayer kind of existence. And this is a great pity, because we are still deep down a home-loving nation; for all our



The Fruits of Early Industry and Economy: an eighteenth-century engraving by W. Ward after Moreland

British Museum

urbanisation, we haven't yet learnt to live the kind of social and communal life that comes so easily to most continental peoples. Perhaps the education of our better-to-do woman is to blame; neither skill at lacrosse nor proficiency in passing examinations are very much use in making of woman a graceful, understanding being, nor of interesting her in the real business of life of all who marry. I see signs that many headmistresses are beginning to recognise this and, so far as lies within their power, to direct our educational system into new and wiser channels.

To the less favoured daughters of England, the last century has brought, it seems to me, a terrible depreciation in the art of living. And here I would like to make an important distinction: that it seems to me that in the past hundred years, while the standard of living in England has in many respects risen, the art of living has declined. By the art of living I mean the art of making, with the materials at one's disposal, the most gracious and satisfactory kind of life possible—an art, of course, which is peculiarly the province of the housewife. Here, once more, I am afraid we have got to blame the Industrial Revolution—not the industrialisation of England itself (which it is quite rational to argue was a necessary and even desirable thing), but the haphazard, unplanned and unconsciously inhuman way in which that industrialisation was brought about. For everywhere it struck down the ancient arts of life that had flourished so gloriously in this land, and constructed practically nothing in their place.

For the Industrial Revolution banished the English working housewife—the yeoman's wife riding in to market with her panniers full of butter and eggs and chickens—to the little house in the straight drab street of the factory town. And if anyone in our England was disinherited it was she. Disinherited from the fields which had been her children's birthright, from all spaciousness for rest and reflection—a periodical need of all human beings, but of a mother most of all—and banished to a world of monotonous brick in which there was neither beauty nor change, nor space to breathe freely. I am not speaking of 'slums' in the ordinary sense of the word, but of those hundreds of thousands of respectable working-class streets in which the majority of English people were housed in the nineteenth century, and are still housed today. Erected in haste to house the cannon fodder of industry, planned without a thought of convenience, beauty or physical amenity, these streets have been a prison house for the English soul. There are far worse slums in other countries than in England, but in no country, I believe, is so large a proportion of the population housed in a manner so antipathetic to every decent human instinct.

Consider what such homes imply to the ordinary English housewife. Planned by builders who never apparently thought such matters worthy of the least consideration, they pile in the first place every kind of unnecessary burden on the housewife's back. There is usually no hot water, and every drop has to be boiled in a kettle, or the copper, which as often as not leaks (since those who let working-class houses are usually too poor to keep them in proper repair). In many cases the water has to be carried up from an outdoor pump before it is boiled, and a bath generally entails an uncomfortable and messy operation in an inadequate utensil on the scullery floor. When one remembers the perpetual sooty dew that falls on the just and unjust alike from the sky of any industrial city, the burden that this lack of hot water implies can be realised: one cannot even keep one's hands clean for five minutes, and the little white curtains—that to me pathetic and intensely moving emblem of decency and comeliness which almost every housewife loves to keep flying—and the white doorsteps so heroically scrubbed, become soiled almost as soon as they are cleaned. The kitchen range, instead of being made of some material like glazed porcelain which can be wiped down with a damp cloth, has to be laboriously and elaborately blacked—a back-aching process, entailing both loss of temper and cleanliness: and its cooking possibilities are limited by its out-of-date construction and the extravagant amount of coal it consumes. (And here reflect on the dirt and wastage involved in ten million housewives, all in the closest proximity and divided only by narrow walls from one another, lighting a coal fire every morning in an epoch which has discovered the benefits of central heating and electric fires.) Then the walls are often damp, covered usually with aged, hideous and depressing wallpaper that the landlord cannot afford to renew, instead of being distempered or tiled. The rooms are full of unnecessary corners, and every part of the house provides a receptacle for dirt and a problem in human labour and temper to keep clean. Lack of light—never too plentiful under the best of circumstances during our sunless winter—lack of space and lack of privacy complete the dismal picture. The house or flat is too small and, usually—owing to our bad English habit of hoarding, of which our housewife is an ardent devotee—far too full, not only of necessities (which may include the pram, and father's bike), but of old useless junk. As for privacy, there

is practically none. The family live on top of one another in a single living-room, and in many cases parents and children have to share the same bedroom. Nor is it any use going outside to find occasional spaciousness or solitude. In our modern English towns, human beings are herded together, with the natural results of stunting and disease which occur when animals or plants are crowded too close. Thinning out is the crying need of urban England.

On whom does the main burden of all this fall? On the hardest worked, most responsible and probably most sensitive animal in the world—the woman. The English working-class woman, it has been well said, 'combines in one tired personality the careers of mother, wife, nurse, cook, housemaid, bargain hunter, laundress and dressmaker'. In some cases she has to be a wage earner as well. If anybody in the world is indispensable, it is she. It isn't true in her case to say that her husband, the wage earner, supports her: rather by her labour she supports him and all her family. If she breaks down under the strain, the whole work of the household comes to a stop. If she dies, her husband marries again, for in no other way can he keep his home going.

This is the woman who has to breed and feed the bulk of the race. I believe that for all her splendid courage and cheerfulness we have laid a heavier burden on her shoulders than she is able adequately to support, and that as a result the race is suffering spiritually and physically. She cannot normally maintain a healthy and contented home under such disadvantages. The War showed us, to our alarm, how we had become physically a C3 nation. The causes are obvious. Take only one of them—food. A century and a half ago we were reputed to be the best-fed race in the world. Today, though our northerners, with their love of oatmeal and their stronger tradition of wholesome cooking, are much superior in this respect to our southerners, we are one of the worst-fed races in the world—not in quantity, but in quality. Cheap foreign meat, rancid bacon, stale cheese, gritty sugar, strong margarine, jam made without fruit, have become the staple dietary of our people: a people who, formerly bred on English beef and beer and corn, were for sturdy physique and energy the envy of the world. Apart from the crippling effect of her limited financial resources, the ordinary English housewife (in the south, at any rate) neither knows how to buy good food nor how to cook it when she has got it. Nor can one blame her. In a former age, the fine tradition of English marketing and cooking was handed from mother to daughter. In the early days of the Industrial Revolution that tradition was broken, partly by the appalling conditions of living in the new towns, and partly by the temporary epidemic of child labour that sent a whole generation of little girls into mine and mill. The girls of that generation had no chance to learn the life-giving arts of keeping house and wholesome feeding, and when they themselves grew up and had children, they could not give their daughters what they themselves had never received. Miss England in fact had lost her dowry, and she still lacks it.

A French housewife, however poor, knows how to make savoury stews and sauces, and cook omelettes and vegetables, and the like that will be (as all good food is) a stimulus and a joy to her menfolk and her children who consume it. Cooking like that oils the wheels of life, promotes health and contentment and good humour. Living mainly on chemicalised foods, ill-cooked flavourless vegetables and cheap, shop-soiled cakes, breeds, as Mr. Wells has so brilliantly shown in *Mr. Polly*, dyspepsia, ill temper and misery. Constipation, bad teeth, cancer—the physical scourges of modern England—can all, I believe, be traced to this source. Where the remedy lies, I leave it to other wiser heads than I to discuss. If I might make a suggestion, it might simplify the problem if it were only possible for people of limited means in England to dine occasionally in a restaurant where they could taste for themselves really good cooking as it is so easily and pleasantly possible in countries like France. (Here I am afraid our English conservatism and hatred of eating in public, and our love of caging ourselves in our own houses is a serious drawback.) But I suppose, as with most of our social problems, the task of finding a remedy must lie with our schools, and with those devoted men and women, the teachers, on whom it always seems to me we lay the chief burden of maintaining our civilisation. And here I might add that the date of Alfred's birth, the names of Shakespeare's successors, and the list of exports from Jamaica, are of very little use to the future wives and mothers of England if they don't also learn how to shop and cook to the best advantage allowed by their limited means. And while some are considering the best ways to enlarge those means, the most profitable line of thought for most of us is probably how to make them go as far as possible. Two and a half centuries ago, a great Englishman, asking what should his country do to be saved, said, 'England, look to thy moat'. In the same idiom, I would like to echo today, 'England, look to thy kitchen'.

'The Debate Continues'—IX

Vindication of the National Government

By the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MacDONALD, M.P.

A verbatim report of the Prime Minister's broadcast talk on December 7

TONIGHT I give you the last of the talks for and against the Government which have been going on weekly for a couple of months. Four of my colleagues have already addressed you in support of the Government, and Opposition leaders have attacked. What has been the nature of the complaints? You will remember that Mr. Lansbury's speech was a fervid exhortation to love each other, and he censored the Government apparently because it had not succeeded in making everybody do so. Sir Stafford Cripps explained why there is poverty, and why, until there is a new social system, there must always be poverty. The Government could do nothing, he seemed to say, to affect the present-day distress, because it has not abolished Capitalism. Let me, he went on, experiment with a plan—partly Communist, partly Fascist, partly Socialist, and partly my own, but one which is complicated and will take a long time to complete unless it is gingered up by revolution. It was not without its attractions: with much of his general statement we would probably all agree. Society must be put more and more upon a basis of human justice. That ideal is not the monopoly of any one party. The question is how it is to be done, and particularly how much it was safe to do under the conditions of the last two years.

Last Thursday Sir Stafford Cripps was smooth spoken: when he said the same things at Hastings he was less careful in conceiving the strife and unsettlement which any rapid attempt to carry it out would entail. If he were to carry it out by evolution he would have to follow the methods of the Government, and could not in a day or a year absorb the unemployed, abolish the Means Test, nationalise industry and give the country a new political constitution. If he proceeded by revolution he would have more unemployed, more misery, more pauperism, and he would fail in the end. Sir Stafford Cripps' contemplations may be good: as a practical proposal they would only intensify our immediate problems.

The first task of this Government has been pre-eminently to produce quick results of a salvage kind to ward off danger, to save foundations, so that progress might be resumed without fear of collapse, to set going the economic machine which was threatening to come to a standstill. Whether our ultimate conceptions of social organisation belong to the philosophy of Individualism or Socialism—either democratic or dictatorial Socialism—it will be fatal, especially in a country like this with such intertwined international relationships, to begin reconstruction by a revolutionary break.

Our critics who base their case on the fact that we have not produced a new system in two years, blame us in reality for not having launched a colossal experiment into the unknown with a hurriedly improvised administration to carry it through. What but evil could have followed upon that? Who would have suffered first and longest but the masses of our wage-earners? It is a gamble in the lives of our people, without the ghost of a chance of a successful issue. The very fact that we have not adopted the means—I do not say the ideals—now advocated by the Opposition, should win for us the support of every far-seeing elector, and especially the wage-earning elector.

The National Government, I emphasise, was formed by a combination of parties to do an urgent and a specific piece of work—to save the country from financial and economic disaster which was scurrying down upon us like a thunder-cloud. Income was falling, capital was being dissipated by being used as income from which little or no new revenue was being received to replace the spent capital. In spite of most valiant efforts to stem the onrush, the Labour Government in 1931 was being baffled in its energetic attempts to reduce the flood of unemployment which was steadily mounting up. Lord Snowden, as its Chancellor of the Exchequer, was warning it of the financial crash which was approaching: he was facing a Budget deficit of £70 million in 1931-32 and £170 million in 1932-33. And income was contracting, not

expanding. The Government saw no hope of keeping unemployment in 1931-32 under three millions. It passed the Anomalies Act and reduced unemployment payments in consequence. Against it the first demonstration in Hyde Park was held, because it had cut the pay of a section, and that the needy one of postal workers. It was forced to the conclusion that public assistance should be given only under a test of need; and as the crash came nearer it agreed to cut teachers', policemen's and other public servants' salaries, and saw quite plainly that payments made to the unemployed would also have to be reduced, either directly or indirectly. It agreed to economies amounting to £56 million all along the line of public expenditure, and so aware was it of the unusual seriousness of the crisis that it entered into negotiations with the leaders of both the Liberal and Conservative Parties to secure combined action in meeting the immediate coming days.

At this point, and for reasons which do not belong to my story tonight, the man who saw that duty and who had gone some way to act upon it, fainted and failed, and a National Government *had* to be formed. Some of us could have taken the easier course of running away, too, and of leaving to others the unpleasant task which would have to be done—on the admission of the Labour Government itself—by any Government in office at that time. Instead we stuck to our principles and to our responsibilities to the workers; and the more that the workers are informed of the facts the more grateful will they be to us. The criticism upon the Government by which the Labour Opposition tried to enlist the workers behind them is, in reality, a criticism of themselves. How easy it is to propose universal relief paid from national capital as long as it lasts, and to moralise upon the shortcomings of Capitalism as a system: but that is not helping the masses of the people out of their present distressing circumstances. To describe how scores of thousands of our people live does not help to put a square meal in front of them. The Government is working at that.

I am asking listeners of all political persuasions to support the National Government at present, and you can now appreciate the reason. Whether one is Conservative, or Liberal, or Labour, Individualist or Socialist, there is no chance of progress in any direction if the foundations of trade are insecure, or if debts are piled up till they crush credit and confidence.

My colleagues who have already spoken have told you what has been done. I leave our case where they left it. It is a case of successful achievement. Some of our critics tell you that unemployment cannot be eradicated until fundamental social changes are made: which may be true: and imply that nothing is being done now—which is not true. We *have* reduced unemployment, we *have* increased the nation's power to consume, we *have* put fires in grates and food in cupboards. And if we have not been able to do that for you all, my friends and I are happy that we have been able to do it for over half-a-million of you, and we shall do everything we can to increase the number as the days go on. If we intended to rest upon what we have done, however, we had better go. We do not propose to rest where we are. The country is convalescent under our care: we shall try to get it into good health. We shall continue our efforts to expand trade and put more people to work, thus adopting the best way to abolish Means Tests and other hardships felt by those who have to bear the heartbreaking experiences of unemployment. Thus also we shall increase consumption—not from public charity or national capital, but from earned income.

Whilst we are doing this, however, we are anxious to put the treatment of the individual unemployed on a sound and more humane footing, and the Bill now before Parliament is a great step in that direction; and as I said in the House of Commons on the twenty-ninth of last month, when the financial situation admits of a review of the steps taken in September, 1931, the claims of all the classes affected will be fully and care-

fully considered in the light of all the relevant circumstances. One of the purposes of our agricultural policy is to enable more people to live upon the land. We hope by bringing labour and land together in allotments, smallholdings and such like, to reduce that recondite problem of how to find employment for men for whom no work in factory or mine seems to be available. The revolutionary changes in production which improvement in machinery and industrial organisation has brought about must not result only in a reduction in the people employed—that indeed would be a tragic end. The benefits must be seen in more abundant life for all, shorter hours, more leisure, and more opportunity for people to use their leisure well.

This is a tremendous problem in industrial democracy, in the relations between workers and employers, in education. The Government, in consultation with representative men, both employers and employed, is willing to co-operate in trying to meet these human claims. It is at present co-operating with the International Labour Office to find international agreements which will enable the industrial countries to advance in these directions, and at the same time prevent lower standards of life being used to menace higher standards. We have started a housing and slum-clearance programme which will not only give employment, but will provide a decent setting for family life. In slums alone we are to deal with twenty houses where only one used to be dealt with. What that cause means to those of us who believe that the crown of a civilised state is the healthy family and the happy fireside, you can judge. They say that we do not mean to carry out this programme. I tell you that we do. If in working it out we find defects we shall remedy them; if we find obstacles they will be removed. And why should industries like coal and cotton remain in their present state of disorganisation? Who is satisfied with what is going on in the coal-fields and in Lancashire? Papers like the *Financial News* have given the former a serious warning which has not escaped the notice of the Government, nor, I hope, of the owners and the miners.

Great numbers of you must share the view of the Government that peace is a supreme issue if civilisation is to last, and perhaps the most reckless of all the attacks on the Government has been upon its peace policy. The Government is labouring arduously for peace. The world is unsettled, and nations are timorous; they would go far with disarmament, but are just a little afraid—and whatever is done at Geneva must be by international agreement. Our experience has been, without the shadow of a doubt, that one nation disarming will have no influence upon others. We ourselves have disarmed to the very edge of safety, and our consistent efforts have been to get other nations to see that an agreed limit to armament accompanied by political agreements of non-aggression are the most effective security of peace and safety. In its attempts to raise a war scare the Opposition has not hesitated to use any and every weapon. At the same time as they have been talking peace they have found fault with our policy in the Far East, by giving advice which, if adopted, would have led us into war with certainty, and they have officially called for what they call 'violent action' on the part of the League of Nations. The Government has

consistently steered this country away from war and from dangerous entanglements. That will continue to be its policy. You must remember the Government deals with other nations, and that its aim as a peace-maker is to get them to agree to peace. This work never can be performed by the drafting of a fine-sounding resolution, but by getting other nations to cultivate the peace spirit and to settle difficulties like good neighbours. You may depend upon it, everything which the Government does at these international conferences, whilst it may not always amount to what it would like to do, is the utmost it can do under present conditions to establish peace and good will on this disturbed earth.

Where then are we? The country is recovering: some healthy red blood is in its cheek, but it has some way to go yet before it can be said to be firmly on its feet. Outside unsettlement may yet have some bad effect on it, but obviously the treatment for further recovery should be on the lines hitherto followed. Plans which have not been worked out into their consequences, or flashy actions taken dramatically in respect of some evil which everyone admits, are more likely to be ruinous palliatives than final cures; the regime of the period of convalescence must not be allowed to revive the evils which caused the disease which is being cured. There are people who beg for a return to the gay high old times of partisan fighting, when every day brought a spectacular display with smart scintillating speeches, plenty of spice and ginger, and cheers of amused people sending the performers home to bed. Our days are too grim for that, but the old game has begun again. Let me remind you, in passing, that this party fighting is possible only because the Government has succeeded thus far. Had our handling of the crisis not staved off the worst, there would be no critical opposition today—not even Sir Stafford Cripps—and there would be no body of electors feeling so secure that they did not bother to vote at by-elections.

So my call to you is to keep an active interest in the life of your nation: in it and its people we have something very precious to preserve. The time may come in due course when we can return to the fight over the political opinions and ideals which divide us, but that ought not to be whilst the industrial foundations of the State are insecure and whilst the incomes of our people are in jeopardy. We seem to be coming through the great crisis. To men and women of all political colours I appeal to guard the gains and be unstinting in devoted service to those causes of social improvement, public and voluntary, which enrich the lives of our people and enhance the influence of the nation. That cannot be done by sentimental expenditure of national resources in waste, which, if applied to our personal conduct, would make us bankrupt. I know how hard it is for men and women in distress—for I have belonged to them—to refuse, even if they know its ultimate consequence is to ruin them. With the poor, however, the day through which they have to live seems to be everything, but I know that our people can think of the future as well as of the present, and respond to an appeal which makes their intelligent forethought, when that appeal is supported by proof of reforming determination—such an appeal as the Government is entitled to make to you all.

History of the Mason

The Medieval Mason. By Douglas Knoop and G. P. Jones. Manchester University Press. 12s. 6d.

THIS VOLUME IS PROBABLY the first full-dress scientific study of its kind in all literature. Hallam wrote, nearly a century ago, 'The curious subject of Freemasonry has unfortunately been treated of only by panegyrists or calumniators, both equally mendacious'. Gould's enormous compilations carried us a good way, but they were ill-arranged and uncritical. And now, at last, the work is taken up by two men of science, the Professor of Economics and the Lecturer in Economic History at the University of Sheffield, whose documentary basis is at least four times larger than Gould's, and whose classification, thoroughness, and clarity leave nothing to be desired. This is what many of us had been waiting for; and it will be long before it can be superseded. Few will realise the labour involved except those who have had to struggle after their own fashion with some of the documents; but the story, as now presented to the public, is such as he who runs may read.

To the historian of mediæval British art it will be indispensable; and it forms a valuable chapter in the history of labour. In a case like this, where space precludes fuller exposition, the reviewer can best serve his readers by indicating some of the main topics, after assuring them that upon all he will find trustworthy details, full references to the documents, and inferences which are all the more valuable for the conscientious reserves made by the authors when they feel the evidence to be in any way inconclusive. They treat of the importance of mason-work in mediæval economic life; the emergence of Masters of the Works as civilisation advances; and the growth of a centralised system. The table of contents for Chapter III will give a good idea of their thoroughness of detail. 'Types of organisation: (a) *ad hoc*, (b) semi-permanent or continuous. Supplies of build-

ing materials: (i) stone, (ii) timber, (iii) lime, (iv) sand, (v) bricks. Transport of building materials: costliness, cartage, water carriage. Dealings in building materials. Lodges and living accommodation: (i) size of the lodge, (ii) purpose of the lodge, (iii) structure of the lodge, (iv) equipment of the lodge, (v) organisation of the lodge. Tools and smithies: provision of tools, repair of tools. Gloves. Masons' servants, and labourers'. In similar orderly detail we are carried through the mason's origin (generally from some village), his apprenticeship, and his rise in life if he has the root of the matter in him. But, to the very last, he remains 'essentially a wage earner', even though a few may become capitalists in the later generations of the Middle Ages, and though the mediæval architect was nearly always one of the working masons. His wages, his hours of labour are given in great detail, to a great extent from hitherto unprinted and unexploited account-rolls. His regularity of employment is discussed (in most cases this was casual), and again his mobility. Then the authors show us the gradual growth of the masonic gild in England; we have no real evidence before 1306; and even in 1376, and in London, there was still only defective organisation. The last chapter traces the 'Two Centuries of Transition', i.e. the sixteenth and seventeenth. Finally, one most valuable appendix of statistics comparing masons' wages with the prices current in their day, and a second, of 40 pages, mainly concerned with the growth of the freemasons' gild, and largely drawn from MS. sources. It does not pretend to be a week-end book; but it will bring pleasure as well as profit to any reader who feels real interest in the actual facts of the past, and who has himself imagination enough to see the wood in this most orderly assemblage of trees.

*Scientific Research and Social Needs—IX**Pure Science*

A Discussion between Professor P. M. S. BLACKETT and JULIAN HUXLEY

P. M. S. BLACKETT: I gather this discussion of ours is meant to deal largely with pure science.

JULIAN HUXLEY: Well, I thought there were a number of points we might try to cover. First of all whether there is any real line between pure and applied science. Then whether discoveries in pure science aren't influenced by practical considerations, and indeed sometimes don't arise directly out of applied research. And how much pure science is limited by mere technique. Then there is the reason for the greater prestige of pure as against applied science. I also hope to talk about the possibilities open to the amateur scientist, and finally there is the whole question of science in education and the problem of getting a scientific background into the general consciousness.

P. B.: That's a long list! So let us begin right away. Now that you have seen a lot of both pure and applied science going on, do you find the line between them easier or harder to draw?

J. H.: On the whole, I have realised that it is harder to draw the line even than I thought it was then. And in one respect I have corrected my previous ideas. I always used to imagine that important new discoveries and principles were started as pure science, and gradually filtered down into practice, *via* applied science. Of course that is the usual way. This is the view you will find in practically all the books on the subject. As they are mostly written by pure scientists, I suppose it is natural that they should emphasise this view. But I have been much interested to find that things don't always happen that way. Perhaps the best example of this that I saw concerns the use of X-ray analysis of the fine structure of solid materials. It shows both the opposed tendencies at work. It all began with very pure laboratory research—but, of course, you as a physicist know more about that than I do.

P. B.: You mean Laue showing that X-ray's waves passed through crystals were diffracted so as to give what is called interference patterns, and then the Braggs realising that from the particular patterns, you could discover exactly how the atoms were arranged in the different crystals?

J. H.: Yes—and of course quite soon this was taken up as a practical thing, to give information about the internal constitution of materials when other methods were no good. All over the place I found X-rays being used in practice—in steel works, in all sorts of ways—for instance, to detect the invisible changes due to cold rolling and tell you just when to stop; in the electrical industry, for making electrodes for high temperature discharge tubes; in the glass industry, for finding out the causes of opalescence in glass; in the paint industry, for determining the size of grain in paints and therefore their consistency.

So far, things have been going according to the usual rule—from the pure scientist in his laboratory out into industrial practice. Now the reverse process comes in. Up at Leeds, in the Textile Department of the University, I had a talk with Dr. Astbury. He had been working with Bragg and had shown that with the aid of X-rays you could get new information about the intimate structure not only of ordinary crystals, but of products of living organisms such as plant and animal fibres. As a result he was asked to go to Leeds to study wool from the practical textile point of view. He told me that he had some misgivings as to whether this work was not going to be much less interesting than the pure scientific studies he had been busy with up till then. The sequel is rather amusing. It turned out that the wool fibre is a particularly favourable object for studying the intimate structure of protein molecules. As proteins are made of the most complicated molecules known, with hundreds or even thousands of atoms in them, this was in any case interesting. With regard to wool protein, in particular, Astbury was able to prove that the actual molecules were elastic, and could be pulled out like a concertina, or perhaps more like a spring, and that it was this fact which gives wool its extraordinary springiness! This in conjunction with research by a chemical colleague in the department is leading to all sorts of improvements in the wool industry—for instance, to much improved methods of pre-shrinkage for woollen fabrics.

But it is leading much further afield, for protein molecules are the most essential kinds of molecules in all living matter, and new discoveries about any of them means some fresh light on all. So this work on the wool fibre, undertaken for severely practical ends, is turning out to be of importance for all branches of biology, up to the most pure. For instance, the work seems likely to throw light on the very puzzling things that happen in immunity—as when the injection of a protein into the blood causes the animal or man to produce something which will destroy that particular protein, but no other, if it is injected again later. Most fundamental, it is giving us much new evidence on the actual chemical structure of the protein molecule—how it

is built up of long chains linked together ladderwise by rungs of special atoms at intervals. So here quite definitely the current of discovery, after first flowing from pure to applied, has reversed its direction and gone from applied to pure.

P. B.: Isn't the history of how the Second Law of Thermodynamics was discovered an obvious example of the same tendency—that is, of how a very important piece of pure and abstract theory arose out of a very practical technical problem? The use of steam power was already widespread, when Carnot, seeking to understand in detail how steam engines worked, was led to a first formulation, though still an imperfect one, of what is now called 'The Second Law of Thermodynamics'. Now that second law of thermodynamics appears one of the most far-reaching of all physical laws. So the most abstract and general of laws arose from the study of that most concrete of objects, the steam engine.

J. H.: Do you mean that you think that the Industrial Revolution caused the discovery of the laws of thermodynamics?

P. B.: In a sense, yes. At least it was clearly no accident that thermodynamics was not discovered in the late seventeenth century when there were no steam engines, and was in the early nineteenth, when there were steam engines.

J. H.: Of course, it is always difficult to say which is the cause of two things which are found to happen together—*e.g.*, nationalism and wars—or even the hen and the egg. But it is, I think, quite clear, not to say trite, that there is often a close relation between the practical problems studied by science and advances in pure science. Is it not a fact that the needs of improving efficiency of radio-transmission have led to very fundamental discoveries about the upper atmosphere?

P. B.: Yes. The work of Appleton and others on the highly conducting upper layers of the atmosphere have given us absolutely new knowledge about our own planet and opened up a fascinating field of pure research. And the work arose directly out of the discovery that it is possible to send wireless messages round the earth.

J. H.: Well, Blackett, I want to ask you a question. You used to work at the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge. I went there recently, and was naturally much excited about all the work on the structure of the atom going on there. But do you think that that is at all influenced by what is going on in the practical world outside?

P. B.: Yes, I think it is to a great extent dependent on what goes on outside. That is not quite the same relation that we have been discussing: I don't mean that the problems studied have any relation necessarily with any industrial or social needs. But the technical methods used are largely dependent on industrial technique.

J. H.: But what about the famous 'sealing wax and string' methods? I thought, from what I have heard said, that all the best experiments were done with the simplest apparatus.

P. B.: Perhaps that was so once. But it is not now. Why, Lord Rutherford's own experiments require an apparatus of extreme complexity. Innumerable valves and rows of thyatron flashing, relays clicking, and so on. Modern physics uses all the technical assistance it can get. In fact it may be said that the limits of knowledge at any time are set by the technical means available. I believe that the reason for the rapidity of advance of modern physics is not the superiority of the physicists of today, or even their number, but that it is to a considerable extent due to the technical aids made available by industry.

J. H.: You mean the wireless valves we have just been speaking of? And then there are photographic plates and the cinema. I suppose all these are an essential part of much physical apparatus today.

P. B.: Yes, the recent work on the disintegration of atoms by high speed particles has owed an enormous amount to the electrical industry, through which high tension transformers, condensers, and so on, have become readily available. In fact the industrial development of high tension power transmission, culminating in this country in the 'grid', has made new experiments possible in the laboratory.

J. H.: You mean that physics is limited much more by the existing limitations of the materials and instruments which it must use, than by the limitation of pure thinking or any lack of bright ideas?

P. B.: Certainly. The discovery of new materials make new advances possible. Often a possible experiment is thought of, but has to wait a generation for the necessary technique to make it possible to carry out.

J. H.: I suppose the same sort of thing would be true in astronomy with telescopes, wouldn't it?

P. B.: Yes—absolutely. With the naked eye we can only see a

tiny fraction of the universe. The invention of the telescope at once made it possible to see a bigger fraction. But ever since Galileo's first telescope in the seventeenth century, the size of the fraction has been steadily increased by technical progress. At the moment the biggest telescope in the world is a one-hundred inch reflector, but a two-hundred inch reflector is just being made, which will multiply what we can now see sixteen-fold. The difficulties in making and grinding a two-hundred inch mirror are enormous, but they are merely technical.

J. H.: I see. So the progress of this branch of astronomy is entirely dependent on the technique of glass making and glass working. In general, I take it, you mean that applied science, in the form of technique in the control of materials is a real limiting factor in the progress of scientific theory—pure knowledge, so-called. There is still another possible way in which pure science, it is suggested, can be influenced by practice. It is the idea that the general direction which pure science takes is not, as most scientists like to assert, just determined by the free play of the human intellect, but by the social and economic needs of the place and period. Do you believe that?

P. B.: On the whole, yes. Consider Newton's achievements for instance. He did not himself think of all the problems he so brilliantly solved. The problems were there, waiting to be solved. A more accurate theory of mechanics was essential for the development of many machines in industrial use, and also for improvement of guns. Then the development of astronomy was required for the new ocean navigation. For instance, the problem of determining a ship's longitude at sea was urgent. This demanded either an accurate chronometer or a knowledge of the motion of the moon. So important was the problem that the Government of the day offered prizes for both these things, thus effectively stimulating both pure and applied science quite impartially. There is no doubt that Newton was stimulated by the general background of technical problems waiting to be solved, to do his wonderful theoretical work.

J. H.: You mean the influence is there, but is rather general? I think there are examples of that sort in my line of country, too. For instance there is all the work going on in connection with the big museums of the world, collecting, naming and classifying the thousands of kinds of plants and animals. This sounds rather useless, but it is really essential for such practical problems as controlling insect pests or insect-borne diseases. Indeed, it is not too much to say that one essential, both for prosperous agriculture and for good health, the latter especially in the tropics, is this accurate systematic work that goes on in museums: and that the realisation of this fact has led to the great development of this work in the last hundred years.

P. B.: And big museums cost money. Isn't it money which counts? Through the control exerted by money, the practical needs of the time encourage the growth of one branch of science, while another only just manages to exist, because no money is forthcoming.

J. H.: You mean that the man who pays the piper calls the tune, and there must be some strong practical inducement to make him pay?

P. B.: That is exemplified by the fact that at the moment the Government does a very large part of the paying in one way or another—and it wouldn't do that unless it felt it was getting its money's worth.

J. H.: Most of the money put up by Government for research goes for the practical needs of war, industry and agriculture.

P. B.: And also remember that the Government, through the D.S.I.R. and other scholarship schemes, supports directly a large number of young research workers during their first few years of research.

J. H.: But, of course you also get a great deal of pretty pure research done by private firms, who must obviously be actuated by the profit motive.

P. B.: Yes, and sometimes they help to finance Universities—for instance, the chemical laboratory in Cambridge received a big endowment just after the War from the oil industry.

J. H.: Apropos of all this, in my last talk I was lamenting the fact that scientific research in this country was badly lop-sided, with not nearly enough being done in the biological and especially the human sciences. I suppose you would agree this was due to the stimulus given to research and teaching in physics and chemistry by the huge development of the industries based on these sciences, like the electrical, chemical, and engineering industries.

P. B.: Certainly—up to a point. But isn't there also another set of influences at work, of a more emotional nature? Orthodox religion hasn't been very favourable to biological advance, has it?

J. H.: That's true enough. It really is almost funny to read the insults that were hurled at Darwin and my grandfather on the evolution question! But, the process still goes on. Orthodox morality today isn't very favourable to modern psychology.

But what about research which is nominally done for practical ends, but as a matter of fact is actually useless? For instance, the breeding of new wheats which can be grown in new regions, like semi-deserts, or the Arctic, just when there is no profit in wheat from the ordinary wheat areas? That sort of work is still going on.

P. B.: I suppose that is because the work has started when it looked as if it would be useful, and once started it carried on with its own momentum, so to speak.

J. H.: Of course, pure research gets more and more complicated and expensive all the time, so that practical considerations come to have more and more influence.

P. B.: Then there is the question of the scientist's own attitude towards his work. Did you, for instance, get an impression during your tour that any marked difference of attitude exists between those working in pure research laboratories and those in technical laboratories?

J. H.: Well, I think that in the best industrial laboratories, at any rate, the keenness and intellectual interest in the work was just as marked as in, say, the Cavendish Laboratory. Still, I think there is usually a greater attraction in pure research, connected with the intellectual excitement of finding out general laws, and also a greater prestige attached to it.

P. B.: On the other hand, it is a fact that the actual activity which occupies nine-tenths of the time of an experimental physicist, is nearly the same, whether the work is pure or applied. Actually, I am inclined to think that the greater prestige in many quarters of pure as opposed to applied research is partly due to the pleasanter conditions under which it is often carried out. For instance, the Universities offer such a pleasant mode of life, where one is one's own master of how and when one shall work, that some of the attraction of the conditions under which work is done gets attributed to the work itself.

J. H.: But, after all, I think it is reasonable that pure research should enjoy its present greater prestige. Though it is certainly going a bit far when a scientist goes out of his way to claim that his work is completely useless.

P. B.: Yes. I have heard that boast too. I am not sure I haven't made it myself. There certainly are elements of snobbery in that claim. That society should pay one to amuse oneself at an entirely useless occupation is gratifying to one's self-satisfaction.

J. H.: There is another side to it. Society always likes to have its prophets, or its medicine-men, if you like, to tell it about the deep mysteries of the universe, and science—in the persons of some scientists at least—is tending to become a substitute for theology in this field.

P. B.: Yes, I think it is clear that the general public likes to hear about science, or at any rate about some aspects of science.

J. H.: And also a good many people like to do amateur scientific work for themselves.

P. B.: Well, I don't think that is possible in modern physics.

J. H.: That is a pity—but it is in various other fields. A good deal can be done and is being done. For instance, the Meteorological Office gets reports from observers all over the country as to the dates of flowering and fruiting of various wild plants. Then at the moment a rather ambitious scheme has just been launched to start a National Institute of Field Ornithology, which should act as headquarters for all the bird-watchers in the country, to plan out schemes in which they could take part, to give information as to the most interesting lines of work for the amateur to take up, the best methods to be adopted, and so on. Then there are regional surveys to be undertaken, in which botanists, entomologists, geographers, and all sorts of others interested in field science could profitably co-operate. These can best be carried out under the auspices of local scientific societies of which there are a good many doing valuable work in this country.

P. B.: And of course, the amateur radio fans have done very useful work—it was they, I believe, who first started experimenting with short wave transmission.

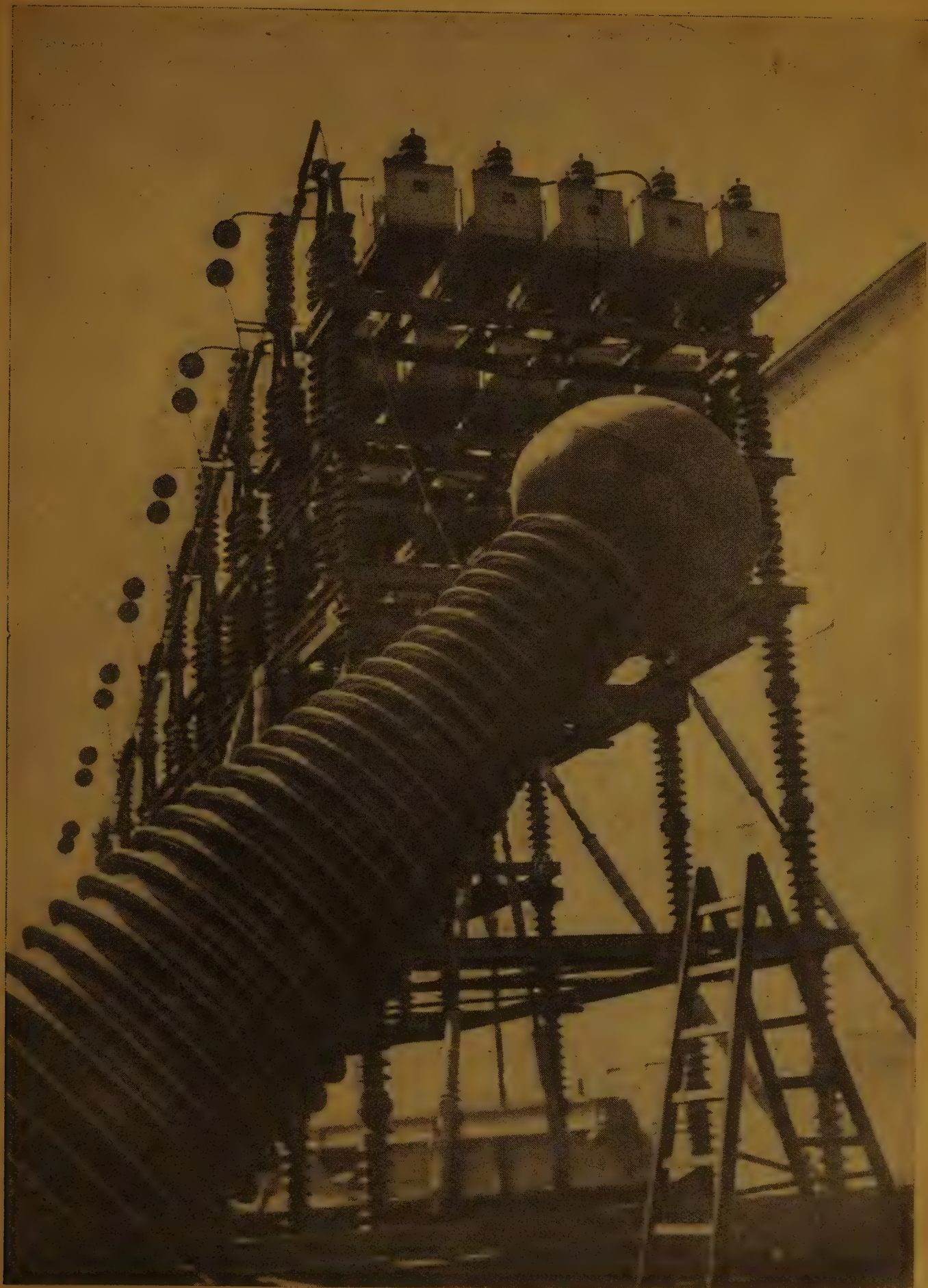
J. H.: The amateur scientist has always flourished in this country, and with a little organisation he can continue to be really useful to science, while having an interesting hobby himself. But my point is that you could get a general outlook in the country which would be scientific all round, just as you have a nationalist outlook, or a religious outlook, or a socialist outlook.

P. B.: No, there I disagree! As a matter of scientific observation I find that my scientific colleagues, between them, represent all the possible outlooks you have mentioned. And, of course, this is inevitable. For once you get into the field of action, everyone becomes a politician, however much he may try to be scientific.

J. H.: I agree that at the moment scientists have their personal and their class prejudices like anyone else. I was really thinking of a slow process tending towards a more uniformly scientific outlook on social problems. But we are getting into rather deep water, aren't we? I must make a point of taking this up with Levy in our final discussion.

P. B.: Well, don't be too optimistic—I'm afraid that if society thinks that the scientist is going to be its saviour, it will find him a broken reed.

J. H.: And that would be bad for science as well as for society. Well, I promise I won't be too optimistic, but I still feel that a scientific attitude to social problems is better than an unscientific one, and that we could do something to get it realised.



A Giant Generator employed for recent atomic disintegration trials

Paul Popper

News in the Making

Modern Industry and the African

Mr. Melland, broadcasting last Friday, discussed the new Report of the Merle Davis Commission, which Macmillans have just published

I AM GOING TO TELL YOU about the report on the work of a Commission that went to Africa recently, because it is not only fascinating and informative, but it is constructive; and Africa is now moving so fast that we cannot afford any longer to be casual about our work there. I am only referring to such parts of Africa as are under British control, and therefore our direct concern. Some parts of British Africa are, of course, self-governing, and manage their own affairs.

Just for a moment let me fasten on to that word 'informative'. It was very obvious when the Kakamega goldfields in Kenya attracted publicity, and again in the recent Tshekedi affair, that we needed more balanced and sound information about the outlying parts of our Colonial Empire, as without it we get a distorted view, with perspective all wrong. The local governments think that such knowledge is worth acquiring, and they welcomed this Commission which went out last year to Northern Rhodesia, headed by Mr. Merle Davis, a Director of Social and Industrial Research at Geneva. He took with him an economist from Cambridge, a sociologist from Ohio, an historian from Bloemfontein, a welfare worker from Johannesburg, and a lady missionary educationalist from Northern Rhodesia itself. The Commission did not go out to find fault; but simply to get at the root of our problems in Africa, to furnish skilled criticism and to recommend constructive ideas.

Here is the story. The team chose Northern Rhodesia as the field of investigation, because we have there the world's greatest copperfield being developed with the finest modern equipment that science can devise and money supply, right in the midst of an extremely primitive native population. Northern Rhodesia is equal in size to England, Wales, France and Belgium. The copper-belt is about the size of Wales. Ten years ago this was just woodland with very few native villages made up of ramshackle pole-and-mud huts. Today there are scenes suggestive of, say, Wolverhampton, yet with the garden city appearance of Bourneville or Port Sunlight. There are trains and cars, electricity, water supply and water-borne sewage, aerodromes, cinemas and wireless, and no slums—white or black. It has been no creeping progress such as we were able to introduce into Asia and North America, but almost instantaneous. It therefore crystallises the problem that exists, in some form or other, all over Africa—that of the sudden clash between twentieth-century westernism and primordial savagery.

You have heard a good deal lately about our troubles in India. I dare say you are tired of Indian Conferences. They were made necessary by the mistakes of the past. There have been similar mistakes in the Union of South Africa, where they would give much for the clean slate that is ours further North. We want to avoid making like mistakes in our part of Africa, where things are moving a thousand times faster than they did at the comparable stage of the development of some other parts.

Take another example, nearer home. The President of the Irish Free State said the other day that the association of the Irish with Great Britain has never been voluntary; just compare that with the declaration of an African Chief—the Omukama of Bunyoro in Uganda—made, by a queer coincidence, when he was acknowledging a new constitution which fell considerably short of his hopes. He said, 'We pray that the flag of the Union Jack will never be removed'. That is the eager

passionate loyalty that we have won in most parts of Africa. The Merle Davis Commission went out to see that, despite the growth of sophistication, despite the disturbing influences of industrialism, and the inevitable crumbling of old moral props, we can retain that loyalty, and build, on the foundation of a higher religion and enlightenment, a fine new Africa for black and white alike.

Our official policy today is sound. It is being intelligently and devotedly pursued. There is evidence of this throughout the Report. But if we do not all try to act rightly the next state of those territories will be worse than the terrible slave-raid days in which we found them. That need not be. On the contrary, this development actually gives us a priceless opportunity. I have known Northern Rhodesia for thirty-two years, and have had—somewhat impatiently—to see it stagnating, or at least marking time, because there was no money for schools, hospitals, welfare work, roads, anything. Now all that is changed, but the upheaval is tremendous, and the inhabitants as incapable as any human beings could be of adjusting themselves without guidance; and the cry is raised from those who are trying to provide the guidance, 'We want allies'.

Although the Commission worked in Northern Rhodesia, the problem and the conclusions are applicable, with only slight changes, to all East Central Africa, and perhaps over a wider field. Young Africa is attracted to centres of employment, and then returns to the village home. When he returns is he to be mainly a disruptive or a constructive force? He is bound to be partially disruptive, and it is a good thing it is so. Africa has slept too long, because it has lacked what the rest of the world has had, the educative contact with other races. But the young African need not be wholly disruptive. We must see that he is also sanely and equitably constructive. Here is one example from the Reports, of progress so far achieved. Native mine workers used to take back little broadening outlook that was not immoral or amoral. Now there is a very different tale. Accustomed to good housing and food, and attractive recreation, on their return home some of them are already determined to live on a higher scale, and have, for example, good houses instead of unspeakable hovels. This spells the end of one of Africa's curses—the constant moving of villages. A man who has built a strong house stays in it. Then also, having a permanent house, he has to cultivate in a better manner, because he can no longer break fresh ground every three years. And he can have fruit trees, which was impossible when the time of removal came round before trees could mature. Thus will victory come over another African curse, malnutrition. With care and applied thought—that is, treating our trust as a science—we can be fairy godmothers in Africa, and except for a few old chiefs, and they are passing, we shall carry with us Young Africa, enthusiastic and contented.

The Merle Davis Commission has done much to help us on our path, and their Report in book form, called *Modern Industry and the African*, tells us all about it. It is our duty to study these things, but it is duty in a pleasant form. David Livingstone died in Northern Rhodesia. We can justify his faith, make his dreams come true.

FRANK MELLAND

The 24-hour Clock

The Astronomer-Royal discusses the need for a revision of our system of expressing time

TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN TWO TIMES which are the same by the clock, we use the letters a.m. for before noon and p.m. for after noon. This method seems to me to be inconvenient in two ways. One minute before midnight is p.m., one minute after midnight is a.m., and the result of the abrupt change at midnight and at midday is that many mistakes are made. A friend of mine recently had to catch a train leaving Paddington at 12.5 a.m. Time was short, the occasion was of some importance. After much anxiety, he arrived at the station two minutes before the train was due to leave, only to find that the train which he thought should leave just after noon had left twelve hours before, just after midnight. I expect that many of you must have made similar mistakes. Another disadvantage of the present system is the need for distinguishing between a.m. and p.m. in time-tables for railway and coach services by some device such as printing the a.m. or p.m. times in heavy type, or in italics or by having a vertical line printed alongside the one or the other. The result is that it is always necessary when you are using a time-table to make certain which type corresponds to the period from midnight to midday and which type corresponds to the period from midday to midnight.

If the 24-hour system were adopted, all such ambiguity would disappear. The hours would be numbered 0 to 24 from midnight to midnight, so that, for example, 3.10 a.m. would be merely 3.10 and 3.10 p.m. would be 15.10. Confusion of times before and after noon would then become impossible. This system is in use all over the Continent. The opponents of the change say that with the 24-hour system a difficult piece of mental arithmetic is involved, that mistakes would be made and that a time of 15.10 in the timetable might be confused with 5.10. I am sure, however, that once familiarity with the new system was obtained, the mental process would become automatic.

The 24-hour system already has wide use in this country, and it is used precisely where the avoidance of any possibility of error is of extreme importance. Experience in the War led to its adoption by the Army; and it is also used by the Navy and the Air Force. The *Nautical Almanac*, which is used by all navigators across the eight seas, has adopted it, and it is also used by the Meteorological Office and *Whitaker's Almanack*. For scientific purposes it is in general use. The railway companies are, I think, generally in favour of its adoption, and Mr. Frank Pick, of the London Passenger Transport Board, in a letter to the

press recently, wrote that 'It seems strange that there should be any reluctance to adopt a proposal which has been found necessary in all those spheres of activity in which exactitude is essential.'

I should add that it is not proposed that the 24-hour system should entirely displace the present system. The two could be used together without any difficulty. The 24-hour system would be used only where there was ambiguity and the possibility of mistakes. So no alteration to clocks would be required.

After the War, in the year 1919, a Home Office Committee presided over by Lord Stonehaven was appointed to report upon the advisability of adopting the 24-hour system of expressing time for official and other purposes. After an exhaustive enquiry, the Committee found no objection to the proposal and recommended unanimously its adoption by the Post Office and the railway companies. But effect has never been given to

the recommendations of this Committee. A motion was recently moved in the House of Lords by Lord Newton that in accordance with the recommendations of this Committee the system should be introduced into the Post Office and that the railway companies should be invited to adopt it in their timetables. The Earl of Lucan, speaking on behalf of the Government, said the answer of the Government was that they saw no signs that the public had any desire for the change and that in the absence of a strong and general demand for the change it would be wrong to try to impose a system of notation which might confuse rather than assist. The motion was agreed to, however. It remains now, I think, for any of you who are conscious of the inconvenience of the present system to express your opinions and to give a definite lead to the Government.

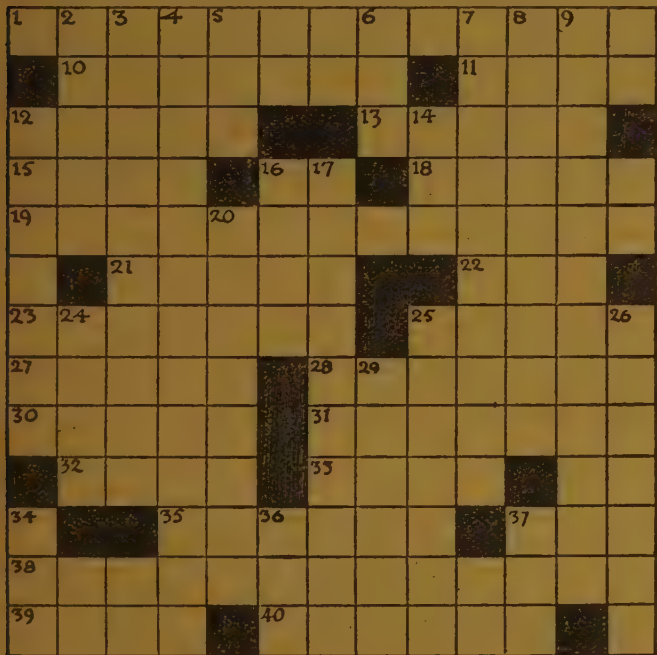
H. SPENCER-JONES

This Week's Crossword

No. 196—Greek

By JANUS

Prize: *Aristotle's Ethics* (Oxford Classical Texts. India paper edition, 7s. 6d.). Closing date: First post on Tuesday, December 19.



NAME

ADDRESS

ALTERNATIVE PRIZE

CLUES—ACROSS

- 1 & 10. { 'A word formed to bring all the letters into a verse' but it omits those in 12 Down and repeats those in 34.
- 11. A vegetable.
- 12 & 13. Boobies.
- 15. See 2.
- 18 rev. Part of an Aeolic body.
- 19. Nickname of a gluttonous flute player.
- 21 rev. & } Might refer to the subject of 28
- 37 Dn. }
- 22. διδάσκει τις αὐτοῖς; — ἐταίρος γέ, ἢ δ' ὅς
- 23 & 24. καὶ σὺ μοι — ρία πέφυκα δυστυχῶσαι δεσποταίς
- 25 rev. Doric yet.
- 27.* Here the culprits were on board ship, the judges on shore.
- 28. Hell-en.
- 30 rev. Fragment of farewell note left by one of Conrad's heroes (end missing).
- 31 rev. ἔννεα δ' ἴδραι ἔσαν, — δ' ἐν ἑκάστῃ (end missing).
- 32.* παιδὸς με — φθογγός
- 33 rev. Schoolboys are apt to remember this word, but they have forgotten the end.
- 35.* ἡμεῖς βέγγαρ.
- 37. Head of an animal in Herodotus' zoo.

- 38.* Libellous reference to Spartans in battle.
- 39. 'σαφὴς σοφίης seem to come from the same root'.
- 40. Description of πηλασόν (end lost).
- 2 & 15. A tree.
- 3. Nausicaa's clothes.
- 4. Fragment of a narrative about some 'pretty ladies' (two words).
- 5. Part of 3.
- 6. Boys dressed as women carried these (part).
- 7. ἐν φιλοτηρί —
- 8. οὐκετι ἀνεβαλλόντο — — — μηχανησασθαι
- 9. An important semi-liquid part of the body (two words).
- 12. See 1.
- 14. Appropriately follows 37 Across in winter.
- 16.* An unpleasant deme.
- 17.* Perhaps a Biblical reference to sinners but with reduced clemency (two words).
- 20. Rather unladylike if it referred to 5.
- 24. See 23.
- 25.* Might have referred to Broadcasting House a year ago.
- 26. καὶ ὄντα διατριψάντα εἰς — οἶκος ἀναπνεύσθαι.
- 29 rev.* The Olympian.
- 34. See 1.
- 36. A deadly root.
- 37. See 21.
- *Last letter missing.
- **Last two letters missing.

Report on Crossword No. 194

'Twenty-six' met with quite an enthusiastic reception, though very few competitors succeeded in deriving 'very considerable benefit' from it! Of those who did one asserts that it took a 'power of trouble'. The crossword was generously checked, but there were enough blind letters to make it necessary to work for each of the really important clues. One solver said that it required over forty separate brain-waves! The chief difficulties were 10 Down and 28 Across, but 13 Across and 18 Down and several other clues also caused trouble. The nature of the puzzle precluded alternative solutions.

The prizewinners are as follows:—

C. A. Adams (Crouch End); P. Y. Brimblecombe (Lee); Miss M. E. Farrer (Clapham); J. T. Harris (Blackheath); J. W. Notman (London); H. Roe (Barking); and E. P. Whitcombe (Bewdley).

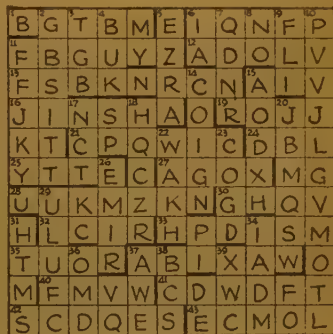
NOTES

Across: 1. 26 × half-DONE = 13 × DONE; 6. Double DUTCH; 11. A LIE added to a FAULT (*Merchant of Venice*, V. 1); 12. HOP, SKIP, JUMP; ADOLF; 13. A square MEAL; 19. Treble CLEF; 25. EDDA, Fytte; 27. Put HUMPTY and DUMPTY together; 28. Christmas is coming: Five times the twenty-fifth of DECEMBER; 33. RUN (properly 'hold') with HARE and HUNT with HOUNDS; a double GAME; 37. 'The four elements' (*Twelfth Night* II. 3): EARTH + AIR + FIRE + WATER; 40. Half-MAST; 41. The difference between CHALK and CHEESE; 42. INSULT added to INJURY; 43. Thrice ARMED.

Down: 2. Half-NELSON; 3. Four times EAT (*Acts* x); 4. AUK; 7. QuadRoon = quarter-BLOOD; twice HOGG; 9. FLIX = FUR; 10. 'A power of GOOD' (actually the cube); 11. Seven times a WEEK; 14. EURI; 15. Twice-TOLD; 17. NiCeTY, WAG (rev.); 18. BAGGY plus-FOURS; 20. Square PEG; 22. WAKE = ROUSE; 23. Six of ONE and half-a-dozen of OTHER; 29. NE plus ULTRA. 34. MAID, DOM; 37. AWL, AXE; 38. W × I × G (Whig).

CROSSWORD RULES

1. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, Portland Place, London, W. 1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left hand top corner. 2. Clues are not normally given for words of two letters. There are no capricious traps, and legitimate alternatives are accepted. 3. Collaborators may only send in single joint solutions. 4. The Editor reserves the right to disqualify entries for bad handwriting, late arrival, and on suspicion of a breach of the preceding rule. 5. Subject to the above rules, the sender of each correct solution is given a copy of the book prize, when one is offered. Competitors may suggest an alternative book of the same price when sending in their solutions. 6. In all matters connected with the Crosswords the Editor's decision is final.





Round-up of cattle on a South Dakota ranch

G. P. A.

The Modern Columbus—VIII

Through Five States to Minnesota

By S. P. B. MAIS

Broadcast from Minneapolis on December 1

I HAVE this week done two things that I have never done before—ridden on the foot-plate of a locomotive, and travelled 2,000 miles by train at one stretch. I left Seattle at half past eight last Friday night and I arrived in Minneapolis at ten minutes past ten on Saturday night—a journey of slightly under 2,000 miles in what sounds to you like nearly fifty hours, but which actually is slightly under forty-eight hours. Twice during the journey I had to put my watch on an hour: once at Paradise, Montana, in changing from Pacific to Mountain Time, and once at Mandan, North Dakota, in changing from Mountain Time to Central Time. As a result of this jump, in the course of which I passed through five States, I am now only six hours behind you instead of eight as I was last week. I know it all sounds rather like *Alice in Wonderland*, or was it *Alice through the Looking-Glass*? But the disadvantage of this sort of travel is that I saw nothing of Mount Vernon or the Cascades, but on Saturday morning I woke up to find myself surrounded by the tree-covered mountains of Idaho, with the green waters of the Clark Fork of the Columbia River swirling through canyons by the side of the railway lines. It was fitting that at luncheon I should be given an Idaho baked potato, which costs ten cents, and takes up about half the table. We kept on climbing, until about three o'clock in the afternoon we stopped at Missoula, at a height of about 3,000 feet, to change engines, and the new engine had to carry us for the next 965 miles, which is the longest run for any one engine in the world.

Through Hell Gate to Safety

I am afraid I cannot tell you much about the scenery for the next seventy miles, because my time was completely occupied in removing bits of coal-dust from my eyes, wondering how the tremendous locomotive 'A.2601', in which I was riding, managed to steer its 330 tons body so nimbly round the corners at sixty miles an hour without leaving the rails, and trying to keep out of the stoker's way as he turned the hose on to the steaming coal or opened and closed the furnace doors. Mr. Moon, the engine-driver, beckoned me to his side as soon as the booster had given the engine its flying start, and shouted in my ear: 'You will have to excuse me for not entertaining you; this is a pretty hard run,

the fastest in the United States', and for some time after that his eyes strayed only from the track to his watch, and then back to the track again. I was glad about that—I had no sort of desire to disturb him. Have you ever tried riding on an electric horse? That's smooth compared with engine riding. For a sluggish liver there is nothing to touch it. I had no idea before that engines were in the habit of taking sudden leaps like hounds in leash, or that they let off steam so menacingly. And then after a bit, Mr. Moon beckoned to me again—I thought this time it was to warn me to leap before the accident—but all he said was, 'There's a good bit of scenery you ought to see up yonder', and five minutes later, 'There's fine hunting up there in that canyon', and again, as we steered our way in a frightful din through a most narrow ravine, 'This is the Cut, where they held up the night post *Liberty* thirty years ago'. It was only after I was getting out of the locomotive at Garrison, a palsied wreck, with eyes as black as any chorus girl's, after covering seventy miles in seventy-eight minutes, that he said to me: 'Well, you have gotten through Hell Gate all right'.

But Montana has other attractions besides the Hell Gate Canyon. We climbed 5,000 feet to Anaconda, the largest smeltery, and, a little later, in darkness, we looked down on the million diamond sparkling lights of Butte, the greatest mining camp on earth, and then, at a height of 6,356 feet, at the Homestake Pass we crossed the Great Divide. Behind us the rivers flow into the Pacific; before us, into the Gulf of Mexico. It was too late in the year for me to get off to see the geysers in Yellowstone Park and the Grasshopper Glacier, which contains millions of grasshoppers embedded in the ice. But on Sunday morning at 7 o'clock I looked out of the carriage window on to a scene which reminded me of the Painted Desert—the same dreary dried-up masses of yellow, green and red, which I had last seen in Arizona, repeating themselves in North Dakota. I saw the prehistoric beds of burnt-out lignite and the petrified forests known as the 'Bad Lands' so beloved by writers, and gradually the multi-coloured desert gave place to a complete contrast—with white hares sitting up still as statues on the black earth, lonely ranches and isolated white wooden tall spired churches standing out on a vast bed of brown grazing ground. Here and

there were patches of snow; the streams were all frozen over, and shaggy prairie ponies were pressed in a shelter out of the gales.

The City of Ten Thousand Lakes

And then at Bismarck I saw the statue of the Indian woman who guided Lewis and Clarke on their pioneer journey across the Continent. I saw no Indians at all from the time I landed until I got to Sante Fé, but since that time there have been Indians everywhere. When I got into the State of Minnesota, a State which, by the way, produced Charles Lindbergh and Sinclair Lewis, I was more and more reminded of the Indians, for here are Lake Minnetonka, the Falls of Minnehaha, and the City of Minneapolis. I scarcely needed to be reminded on my arrival at Minneapolis that 'Minne' is Indian for water. There is more water here than there is at Venice, and it is far more pleasantly distributed, for here it is not cut up into canals, but into hundreds of small lakes and enchanting blue lagoons, all so conveniently placed that everybody's door looks out on to a sheet of water. Actually in the State of Minnesota there are nearly 10,000 lakes. As all this water is in a city where the temperature runs from 110 in the shade in the summer to 30 degrees of frost in the winter, it follows that the whole population spends its spare time skating or racing ice-yachts between now and the spring, and bathing or paddling canoes throughout the summer; and when they are not doing that they hunt duck and deer.

Minneapolis gives an excellent example of the vagaries of climate. As it is situated on the forty-fifth meridian, standing exactly half-way between the Equator and the North Pole, I naturally thought that it would be as lukewarm as the Church of Laodicea: but there is nothing lukewarm about Minneapolis. For Hiawatha's sake I stood and looked at the Falls of Minnehaha, that lovely maiden of the forest—but I didn't look long. Icicle time is not the best time for looking at waterfalls. Minnehaha was frozen over; in fact, I was surprised to find that the Mississippi, which I had last seen some 2,200 miles further down, was still flowing.

Above the city floats the lumber—below the city barges carry the flour. I had known, of course, beforehand that the population was largely Scandinavian and German, and that I should find branches of the Danish, Swedish, Finnish and Norwegian Lutheran Churches, but I hadn't visualised a city dressed entirely in Scandinavian clothes. Almost every girl I passed in the streets and on the University campus where the prairie winds blow keen was in a fur coat; every man wore a fur-lined hunting cap and lambskin gloves; and half the children were dressed as Baby Bunting. The streets are all decorated with evergreens, and the shop windows are full of skis, toboggans and skates, and all things Christmassy.

In spite of its intense cold Minneapolis is a thriving industrial city, with very handsome homes. There are scarcely any apartment houses or small shops, and it does not neglect the æsthetic. Its Symphony Orchestra is world-famous, and its Art Institute is reconstructed on the lines of one of our old country houses—rather like Stanley Hall in York. On the banks of the Mississippi stand a number of six-storied flour mills, all driven by water-power, over one of which I was taken by a very enthusiastic miller, a Mr. Jones, of Pontypridd. I met his suggestion that I should exchange my thick overcoat for thin white overalls with disapproval and laughter—I had already been frozen in the streets; but again I had overlooked the American interior. Even if I had only worn the overalls I should have been too hot. I had no idea that wheat had to be crushed at a Turkish-bath temperature: no wonder it ends in fine flour! I went out on to the sixth floor and watched the wheat being shaken about in wooden cylinders and jogged with rubber feet shaped just like elephants' feet, and being moved this way and that with a rhythmic movement. I watched it on the floor below being squeezed and heavily mangled between steel rollers, enduring eleven different sorts of misery being ground, and finally passed through sieves of spun silk. On the other floors, at very nearly every one of the thousands of wooden crushers, Mr. Jones jerked out on to a thin palette a fresh variety of grain, and stroked it lovingly, and called it semolina, or macaroni, or some such name, and submitted it to my taste. I watched the finished product being poured down chutes in sacks which moved automatically on platforms, sewn up and labelled by machines, and despatched in barrels, each containing 196 lbs. Did you know that the output of Minneapolis corn is about 18 million barrels of flour every year?

New Uses for Old

And in the University of Minneapolis there has been formed a Research Foundation, the object of which is to find new use for old things. For instance, grain which was thought to be valueless is proved to have chemical properties, which ought to be put to good use: the top-soil of our farms has been devastated, and needs peat, lignite and copper, and we propose to make new by-products and so enrich the land. I was shown a bottle of what looked to me like the cotton plant: as a matter of fact it was 'aspen', and from this perfectly waste product of aspen they are getting alpha-cellulose: and I look forward to the day

when farmers will be able to derive such chemical products as nitrogen and hydrogen and other chemicals which will enable him to light and heat his house and become more and more self-supporting.

But the most far-reaching of Minnesota's activities lie outside her city. At Richester, some eighty-four miles from Minneapolis there rises, above the prairie, the most famous clinic in all America. Here Charles Meyer, his brother and his nephew, America's most famous surgeons, carry on surgical research which is world-famed. To it come patients from all the world over: Rochester is a lure to America.

On the opposite side of the Mississippi from Minneapolis stands the older and twin city of St. Paul, the capital of the State, also a city of beautiful homes and stately avenues, but especially splendid buildings, notably the domed Capitol in which I saw paintings depicting the history of the State from the time when the French priest discovered St. Anthony's Falls in 1681 to the Treaty of 1851, when the Indians yielded up fifty million acres to the United States. Also there were pictures of Gettysburg and Nashville, in each of which men of Minnesota acquitted themselves so nobly. I was also shown by one of the leading bankers some of the precautions taken by American banks to keep their money intact. In the main building there was a sort of crow's-nest for one man, while sentinels with loaded machine guns stand on a dais behind bullet-proof glass ready to shoot any thief who tries to effect an entry into the vaults, whose doors are as crowded with steel as the engines of an Atlantic liner. And next door is a rifle range for the sentinels off duty to keep their eye in!

But its outstanding glory is its Court House, with its wall of black granite, panelled with woods from every country in the world. The court rooms are panelled with teak, and liberally protected from untoward incidents by bullet-proof glass, and lifts descending direct from the prisoner's box to the cells.

Whilst I was in St. Paul I listened to a debate between St. Thomas' College and two members of the Cambridge Union on the relative merits of our system of broadcasting and that of the United States. The St. Paul speakers had the odd opinion that the B.B.C. was muzzled by the Government, and the Cambridge undergraduates believed that American broadcasting is under the control of irresponsible advertisers. Both sides spoke with enviable ease and facility, and they only needed a little knowledge of the facts to achieve a first-rate debate.

Thanksgiving Day

I celebrated Louisa Allcott's hundred-and-first birthday very wisely. I heard the film version of *Little Women* and I should like to say now that if America can produce more films on these lines, with such admirable restraint and artistry of photography, she need no longer fear the competition either of France or Germany. Yesterday, being the last Thursday in November, was Thanksgiving Day—the anniversary of the day set aside by the Pilgrim Fathers in November, 1621, to commemorate their safe arrival off Plymouth, New England, and their first harvest. It is not only a national festival, but a day set apart for the reunion of families, the sending of greetings, and the exchange of flowers—roses, violets and chrysanthemums—and is, in fact, observed very much as Christmas Day is with us; that is to say, it opens with church-going and ends with a family feast. The morning service that I attended was held in the fine granite church at Minneapolis, uniting the congregation of Wesleyans, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Congregationalists. It was an impressive service, for the message of the President's proclamation with its expression of gratitude for the passing of the dark days, and the classical eloquence of the preacher urged us to a sense of our responsibility for the less fortunate. And after church was over I went down to the Union City Mission to see 2,500 of the Minneapolis unemployed at their Thanksgiving Day dinner of turkey. I have seen the C.C.C.—those groups of boys between 18 and 25, working in afforestation camps, and on public works, such as roads and so on; and I have seen the roofless unemployed turn out and build themselves cabins to live in—cabins very like the huts on our own allotment gardens; but until yesterday I had not seen the unemployed man dependent on the State and society for his food and his rest. It costs some 29 cents—about 1s. 3d.—a day to provide each man with three good meals and a bed. And the food is grown on a farm which is entirely run by the unemployed, and the money to keep it going comes partly from the community itself and partly from private contribution.

I spent the rest of my Thanksgiving Day in the bosom of an American family who made me realise how immensely the sturdy qualities that made *Little Women* so lovable still endure in every American home. It was exactly like the best sort of old-fashioned English Christmas that we used to enjoy as children—even to the strumming on the piano, and the walk in the crisp of the afternoon to shake down the turkey. The piece of heather placed by the side of my plate was just another typical example of American courtesy. In spite of the fact that it was their own national festival they still had time to remember that yesterday was also St. Andrew's Day. It is the first time that anyone has ever given me a sprig of heather on November 30.

The Listener's Music

The Writing of Music

WRITING—not composing, observe. Opinions differ as to how far composition may be taught, but music writing, like the writing of words, can and should be learned by everyone aiming at even a modest degree of musicianship. A growing number of amateurs now study what is erroneously called the 'theory of music' (erroneously, because the subjects embraced by the term are sternly practical); many try their hands at composition in a small way; and some may at any time be called on to write out band parts for a domestic music-making or entertainment.

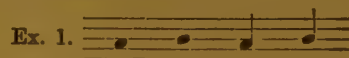
Concerning amateur composers I can speak with first-hand knowledge, for it falls to my lot to criticise every year some hundreds of their efforts. A large proportion are unable to set down their ideas clearly and correctly; all sorts of details such as the stemming and grouping of notes, the shape and placing of rests, the 'ranging' of parts, and so on, are haphazard. Yet there are strong practical reasons for learning this elementary part of a musician's job. First, illegibility matters more in musical than in literary manuscript, because in the latter a few stray words will enable us to grasp the context in all but the very worst of scrawls, whereas only the experienced musician can deal easily and safely with a poor musical manuscript. Moreover, if a work is submitted to a publisher, legibility counts for a good deal. A music publisher is no more favourably disposed towards a composer who cannot put his thoughts on paper legibly and correctly than a book publisher towards a writer whose typescript is thick with errors in grammar, spelling, and punctuation.

It might be argued that people need no instruction in writing music, on the ground that they have always at hand an abundance of printed music from which they can learn all that is necessary. This is true; but experience shows that very little use is made of this obvious means of instruction. Similarly, there are still many partially literate people who, called on to write a few words in block capitals, will consistently write the S in the wrong direction, thus: S. Yet they see daily a sufficiently large number of capital S's to serve as a model. Such inaccuracies may even be observed in painted signs. An instance known to me is that of a tea-shop which, disdaining that homely title, calls itself a CAFÉ in painted letters nearly a foot long, with an acute accent over the 'F'. If such slips happen in regard to so familiar a medium as letters, it is not surprising that many amateur musicians—and even a large number of professionals whose training has been confined to performance—are quite at sea when asked to put on paper even a simple musical progression. I make no apology, therefore, for devoting an article to so elementary a subject.

First, as to the pen and the holding thereof. The nib should be rather broad and on the soft side; a medium J nib or a 'Relief' that has been well used and has become mellow, so to speak, will generally be found best for the purpose. Second, as to attitude: in ordinary writing we were taught that the penholder should—roughly—point over the shoulder. In music-writing the nib is best used sideways, with the holder pointing well away to the right. This means that the side of the hand is less in contact with the paper than would otherwise be the case; even so it is advisable (especially when working on a large-size score) to protect the paper from contact with the hand (contact necessarily far longer than in ordinary writing) by a sheet of blotting-paper. Without such protection you may find the lower half of the score taking the ink badly because of perspiration.



Experienced copyists usually make their notes, both head and stem, with one stroke of the pen; the novice had better be content with taking two bites at this particular cherry. So (beginning with crotchets) make the head by a firm pressure of the pen from left to right, producing a neat oval. Beware of the temptation to go on "working" the pen: make one stroke suffice. As Stainer (I think it was) used to say, there's no need to make little pools of ink. Besides, pools not only waste time in the making: they have a way of soaking through and spoiling the other side of the page. Practice making crotchet-heads on both lines and spaces, and see that you 'get there' every time. There is more in the knack of this little operation than the beginner will expect. The aim must be two-fold: neatness (*i.e.*, clearly *on the line* or *in the space*) and speed. After the head, the stem. Make it with the nib used edgewise (the outward-

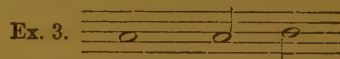
pointing position will ensure this) so that it is thin and straight. It need not be quite connected with the head; in fact, there is less risk of blobbing if the two are slightly separated. Now practise making crotchets complete, and note that it is customary (though not a rigid rule) that stems pointing up should be on the right side of the head, and those pointing down on the left. Here is our lesson so far:



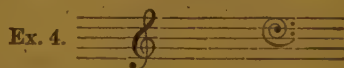
Now for the crooks that change the crotchet into a quaver or smaller note. Many amateurs place them on the left side, or ring the changes on right and left. They should always be on the right, and should be bent back towards the stem.



Semibreves are best practised with two strokes: the ability to form a good clear oval with one stroke of the pen comes later—sometimes not at all. Many good professional copyists, in fact, make their white notes in two clearly defined sections, thus , and there can be no doubt that for band parts, which demand notes of large size and bold character, this is a good plan. To make a complete oval would be a longer process, and would sometimes lead to blobbing. But care must be taken that the halves are as nearly joined as possible. I have seen instances where this method has degenerated into a couple of thick horizontal lines, thus , which are liable to be confused with minim rests and other signs. The stemming of white notes of course follows the rule of being always on the right pointing upwards, and left downwards:

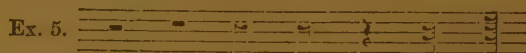


Clefs are often placed wrongly because their meaning is not grasped. The so-called treble clef is really the G clef, and the curly-wiggly nondescript sign is really a fancy development of a capital G. The centre of its curliness should be on the second line of the staff counting from the bottom (in music all reckoning is upward). The bass clef, like its companion, is an elaboration of a capital letter—F; it should be so placed that the two dots mark the fourth line of the staff:



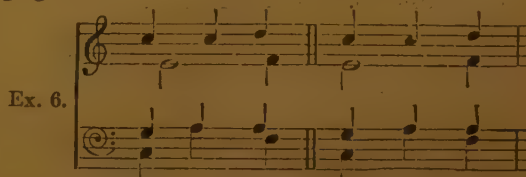
(I have not space to show how these queer signs were gradually evolved from plain capital G and F; nor do I bother the reader with the C, or tenor, clef, or the other placings of the G clef.)

Rests: semibreve and minim rests are shown by a horizontal oblong stroke above or below a line respectively. Crotchet and quaver rests usually have the same sign, turned to the right for a crotchet, to the left for a quaver. As the similarity frequently leads to confusion, some publishers now use a different sign for the crotchet (shown fifth in the illustration below). The stemming and crooking of rests, of course, follows the notes represented by the rests:



Rests are as a rule written in the third space, but when two or more parts are written on one staff the disposition of the rest or rests is a matter of clearness and convenience.

The term 'ranging', used at the beginning of this article, refers to the exact perpendicular placing of the parts or notes of a chord. This is one of the points in which the beginner comes to grief. Here is a simple example of bad and good ranging:



'Spacing' is a kindred matter: the notes or chords should be evenly disposed as to distance.

Grouping: practice is needed in making the 'braces' which join quavers and smaller notes into groups. The brace should be made with the flat side of the nib, and the stem should run through the braces of semiquavers, demisemiquavers, etc.



When a long series of these small-value notes has to be written, it is advisable to group them in such a way as to show the time-divisions at a glance. Here is the bad and good way of writing a long string of semiquavers:

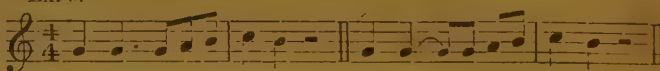
Ex. 8.



This time-grouping is a recent development; it is applied also to crotchet and quaver phrases that might otherwise be

misleading at first sight. Thus, the advantage of the second method of writing the following phrase will be obvious:

Ex. 9.



The reader will have noticed that there is a system in stemming the notes of a single part: when the note is above the middle line the stem is down, and *vice versa*. When a note is on the middle line the direction of the stem is optional, but the custom is to make a change of direction coincide with a time-division:



Other elementary details, as well as some fairly advanced matters that the amateur should study, will be dealt with in my next article.

HARVEY GRACE

Voluntary Social Service in Britain

New Tasks of the Social Worker

By J. J. MALLON

MISS GRAVES called attention last week to a grant of £40,000 made in the later half of the last century to certain voluntary societies which between them provided all the education to which the children of the workers had access. Perhaps the new era began with the passing in 1870 of the Act establishing compulsory education. Towards the end of the century social stagnation is definitely at an end. A great Public Health Act is in operation. Royal Commissions have considered questions like housing and industrial remuneration and parliamentarians like Sir Charles Dilke are pressing continuously measures intended to mitigate the rigour of working-class life. The awakening is seen among the social workers. A notable outburst of desire for reform animates the churches, the universities, and, of course, the unhappy labourers themselves.

In 1884 Canon Barnett started the first University Settlement at Toynbee Hall. He brought to Whitechapel a pioneer group of university men, and by bringing these residents into East London was able to canalise towards practical ends the new idealism of Oxford and Cambridge. Many of the ablest young men of their age, including Alfred, afterwards Lord Milner, were associated with Barnett, and with their encouragement a period of social investigation began, the consequences of which were extremely far-reaching. Overtopping all other achievements was that of Mr. Charles Booth, the great shipowner philanthropist, who financed, and with some practical aid from Toynbee Hall directed, the most extensive sociological survey in our annals. Booth's mighty work, *Life and Labour of the People*, threw light upon all social problems. The revelations of the survey shocked the country, as a few years later did those of another great investigator, Seeborn Rowntree, who proved beyond doubt or cavil that for various reasons more than a fourth of the population of England were in receipt of incomes insufficient to enable them to reach or maintain a condition of physical fitness. The investigations of Booth and Rowntree brought most reformers into one camp. The inadequacy of the labouring man to stand unaided amid the chances of industrial life was completely demonstrated. Agitation went on for old age pensions, for compensation for injured workmen, for the feeding of necessitous children, for 'work or maintenance', for the abolition of sweating. Side by side with this agitation the Settlements and groups of devoted voluntary workers everywhere carried on fruitful tasks of experimentation. Mrs. Humphrey Ward established her classes for deficient children and paved the way for the special schools for such children which are now universal throughout the country. Mr. Percy Alden, now Sir Percy Alden, the Warden of the Mansfield House Settlement, established the first organisation of Poor Man's Lawyers and made legal aid available without charge to the poor in East London, and the inventive genius of Mrs. Barnett, now Dame Henrietta, created the Children's Country Holiday Fund which has since been copied throughout the world.

These events determined the social legislation of the Government which was returned with a vast majority from the General Election of 1906. With this legislation nothing in British history can compare. It touches almost all the aspects of social life. It affects almost all social problems. It goes far to create a new social England. Listen for a moment to a recital of the enactments of this most prolific Government. The Workmen's Compensation Act covered most of the risks of injury arising out of employment. The Old Age Pensions Act mitigated the dis-

abilities of advanced years. The National Health Insurance Act guaranteed medical attention and small weekly payments during illness. The Trade Boards Act protected the wage earners in trades in which they were unable through Trades Unionism to protect themselves. Around these chief enactments of this energetic Ministry are many others only a little less important. In part 2 of the National Health Insurance Act, the Government founded the first Employment Exchanges and laid the basis of Unemployment Insurance. In the Administrative Provisions Act, the School Medical Service was established. The Children's Act created Juvenile Courts and in other ways came to the rescue of the ill-treated young. It will be appreciated that these multitudinous statutes changed the position of the voluntary worker. Indeed these acts may be said to have obliterated the voluntary social work that had gone before. For the basis of much of that work was the excessive poverty of the wage earner, and the method of relieving that poverty was the method of alms. How could it be otherwise in a time in which labouring men sweated to receive wages less than the sums we now pay to those who are out of work? An inspired social worker like Octavia Hill could show the wage-earners how to make the best of a bad job and, so to say, to pluck splendour from privation and penury. It was natural and easier to give a few pence or its equivalent in kind and exact adulation for the gift. That was the way of the Lady Bountifuls of the time and they were abundant.

The legislation that followed 1906 gave at length a chance to genuine voluntary social service and ennobled it. It illustrated, too, the importance of the voluntary principle. Who had made the legislation possible? Booth and Rowntree, surely, and after them the Webbs and Beveridge. In the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission, Sidney and Beatrice Webb and, in his classic book on unemployment, Sir William Beveridge, then a social worker at Toynbee Hall, had made out the case for Unemployment Exchanges and Unemployment Insurance. Miss Margaret Macmillan by her voluntary work for poor children in Bradford and East London may be said to have created the school medical service. The feasibility of enforcing the payment of legal minimum rates of wages in certain industries had been demonstrated by the experiments of social workers who had induced employers in a certain trade to form and operate a voluntary Wages Board. In all these and in other cases voluntary service was seen to be the forerunner of State action. It was found, too, that the new legislation did not dispense with the voluntary worker: it depended upon him. Health and Unemployment Insurance brought in the Friendly Society and the Trade Union. It became possible to dream of a deep and felicitous alliance between the principles of State and voluntary action. This alliance in our time has practically come about.

Take, for example, the Employment Exchanges and the Unemployment Insurance Acts. At each of the Exchanges is a voluntary committee known as the Local Employment Committee, consisting of representatives of local employers and employees. To this Committee is reported from time to time all the work of the Exchanges. Through the Committees the Manager of the Exchange is able to take into his confidence local employers and Trade Unions; to provide information and clear away misunderstanding. The Courts of Referees to which workmen who are refused benefit have the right to appeal also includes representatives of local employers and workers. Appearing before these Courts, the procedure of which is informal, the worker is assured that he will be able to state his

case in his own way and, if he deserves it, receive sympathy. Again, the voluntary Juvenile Advisory Committee is a kindly and helpful buffer between the machinery of the Juvenile Employment Exchange and the youthful seeker for employment. Even more striking is the co-operation between the Local Education Authority and the Care Committees in regard to the provision of meals for school children and the School Medical Service. In London these voluntary Care Committees, consisting of 5,000 members, look after a thousand schools with a school population of nearly 700,000. The Care Committees are invaluable as allies of the teacher and an influence to which in time even the most careless or callous parent can hardly fail to respond.

Each measure of social legislation proves to be a focus and stimulant of voluntary service. The Unemployment Bill in this respect is true to tradition. Here, again, we observe that voluntary members, in order to humanise and leaven and inspire the whole, are to join the Appeals Tribunal and the Local Advisory Committees. These instances, and others like that of the Workers' Educational Association—a national voluntary body providing, in close collaboration with the Local Education Authorities and the universities, higher education in the winter evenings for many thousands of men and women—show how illusory is the idea of a necessary opposition or of competition between the voluntary services and those of the State. These services are complementary. Thus the Infant Welfare work which was begun in many Settlements before it was organised by the State is now carried on in conjunction with the Borough Councils under the Ministry of Health. The part of the voluntary service is, first to experiment and adventure and show the way to some new or nicer adjustment of the individual to society; and second, when Parliament or Local Government is persuaded and passes acts

or regulations, to note and, if possible, soften the impact of the new measure upon the community. The extent and kind of the participation between the State and voluntary movement may of course be varied. In the case of the Care Committees voluntary assistance is rendered to the State. In the case of the Workers' Educational Association or the National Federation of Women's Institutes a voluntary movement is assisted by the State. In helping the Blind and the Mental Defectives, and in running Evening Play Centres for poor school children, the alliance, with a varying emphasis, is maintained between the State and the volunteer. There remain innumerable services which at present and as far as one can see in the future will remain wholly voluntary. Here we touch Settlements, Residential and Educational, the Clubs for boys and for girls, the Scouts and the Girl Guides, the Charity Organisation Society and the comparatively new Councils of Social Service and Rural Community Councils which in town and country are gathering the voluntary workers into a representative body.

Voluntary social work is no longer merely ameliorative or palliative, and still less is it eleemosynary. It is preventive. The social worker is playing consciously his part in a scientific effort to get rid of the influences which are inimical to the good life: in some cases side by side with the powers of Local or National Government and in some cases as a member merely of a voluntary group organisation, he is aiming to destroy poverty and ill-health and dirt and crime. It follows, of course, that he is training for his job. Training may now be had in the Social Studies Department of any British University. The training is theoretical and practical, and the Certificate or Diploma of the University is a powerful commendation to any whom it may concern.

Countryside Contrasts—I

Two ways of dealing with a problem. The two roads shown here are the same distance from London, but the Basingstoke Road has preserved its trees and some of its natural beauty, while the Bath Road, near Slough, is satisfied with posts and posters. Which do motorists really prefer?



Above: photograph by Edith Tudor Hart
Below: Buckinghamshire Advertiser



Wiltshire cattle

E. O. Hoppa

Rural Britain Today and Tomorrow—X

The West Country

By Professor J. A. SCOTT WATSON

I SET out from Oxford and went by Faringdon and Swindon to Bath. It is slow going through the North Wiltshire vale between three and four in the afternoon, because all the cows are coming in to be milked. I must have passed a dozen herds on the road, varying in size from a score to seventy or eighty head. It is an interesting experience to look over a whole lot of herds, one after another, in this way: The Wiltshire cattle, of course, are mostly Dairy Shorthorns, and upon the whole very good. But the variations from herd to herd are considerable. Here is one farmer who obviously takes pride in his cattle, as cattle; they are all pure bred—as far as you may tell—all of a type, and all really good-looking; probably the owner rears his own stock and gives a good deal of care to their breeding. Then here must be a man with a more strictly commercial outlook; his cows are not so pretty and are rather mixed—a Friesian or two and some others whose ancestry could be the subject of debate; but the worst of them looks like her seven or eight hundred gallons. And again comes another and smaller lot, neither pretty nor 'matchy' nor milky-looking. One is tempted to condemn their owner as a bad stockman; but perhaps he is a beginner who has had everything to buy and has had to buy cheap. Or perhaps he is one of those unaccountable fellows who seem to do everything wrong, and come out at the end of the year with a disconcertingly good balance-sheet. After all, more things go to the making of success than a nice-looking shop-window, or even a big turnover.

At Bath, besides Roman antiquities and lovely old buildings, which are not our concern, are the headquarters of our oldest rustic society. The 'Bath and West' was founded in 1777, the moving spirit being the Norfolk Quaker Edmund Rack, who

became its first secretary. It has a very honourable record of work for the improvement of agriculture and did a great deal, before the days of government grants, for education and research. In more recent times it has collaborated closely with the state-aided institutions in its area, such as the Agricultural Advisory Province at Bristol, the research station at Long Ashton, the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, and the Agricultural Education Committees of the counties. Thus it has helped on the grassland research started by Professor Hanley at Bristol and now carried on by Mr. Ling and his colleagues; it financed Mr. Thomas' survey of the sheep industry of the South-West; helped the Wiltshire County Council to do some very valuable sheep-breeding experiments, and so on. The pastoral side of farming is, of course, the more important in most of this western area. Grass is the most important crop, and milk, cattle and sheep account for most of the farmer's income.

Depression at Brynmawr

Crossing the Severn at lovely old Gloucester, and the Wye Valley at Ross, you have as pleasant a run as you could wish, until you strike the northern edge of the South Wales coal-field. Here the country gets gradually higher and barer, and the signs of industrial depression become more and more insistent. And at Brynmawr, at the top of the road, you reach the depths of depression. The countryside is high and bare. Once it must have been a stretch of rather pleasant, perhaps even beautiful, upland. It is now covered with a tumbled mass of little slag-heaps, gradually turning a rather dirty green, and grazed by a few rather dingy and unhappy-looking sheep. For here the coal seams are near the surface, were worked

early, and are now practically exhausted. For years most of the men of Brynmawr have had to travel down the valleys to work in other pits, and since the depression has hit the whole industry most of the jobs have gone to the men on the spot. So here is Brynmawr with a population of 8,000, and 1,300 men upon the unemployment register. I met a man who had done eleven months' work in six years, and he told me of others who had been almost continuously idle since 1921. In a sense the only solution is for the people to go away, and indeed many of them try, from time to time. One told me he had walked to London and back, spending two and a half years of a vagrant's life. Once, at Southampton, he almost thought he had found a permanent job, but, after that had gone, it had been a case of hopeless, useless tramping day after day and month after month; so he had given it up and come home.

A devoted group of Quakers are doing what they can. They have revived an old boot-factory and have taken on most of its old workers as well as some boys and girls. They are running a little woollen mill to make Welsh tweed, but that, unfortunately, seems to have gone out of fashion. They have a little woodwork shop turning out some really beautiful hand-made oak furniture, and providing a new trade for some of the young. Then they are sending away, to London and the south, all the young people for whom they can find places. They have turned, by the voluntary work of the unemployed, an old piece of swamp into a fine public garden and swimming pool. They are at present building and furnishing a nursery school, laying out another garden, and so on. But the problem is so big. Perhaps country folk have enough to do, these days, with their own worries, and in a sense Brynmawr, and places like it, are not specially your concern or mine. I was, in fact, glad enough to hurry through the rest of the industrial South Wales. But I thought as I went along how closely connected the troubles of town and country really are. One passed, every few miles, a hawk's cart loaded with big coarse cabbages and swedes, and the poorest qualities of potatoes. I felt that I wanted to throw the whole lot to a bunch of good bullocks and feed the people with the good beef.

Leaving Llanelly behind, you strike again into very pleasant farming country that continues all the way, by Carmarthen, to Haverfordwest, where I spent the night; and again, with local variations, by Cardigan along the coast to Aberystwyth. It was just a week since I had been in Norfolk, and little more than a month since my visit to Cornwall; and the contrast with the one, and likeness to the other, were borne in upon me with fresh force. The similarity with parts of Devon and Cornwall is indeed very striking; the same small fields with their earthen banks; the same sort of little homesteads scattered here and there; the often solitary workers in the fields; the same soft climate, leaving the autumn tints on the trees while already the gorse was in bloom. The contrast with Norfolk is that with broad stretches of arable land, big and rather pretentious farmhouses, tractors, and big labour squads at work on the beet fields.

Small Farms or Independent Smallholdings?

In the evening in my inn at Haverfordwest I began to think the whole thing over again—this difference in the organisation of farming of one district and another, and of all the differences in life and outlook that go with it. Of course at one time—and not so very long ago after all—the little farm, the place that provided a job and a living for a single family, was the typical, normal kind of holding. In places like Cornwall and Wales, in the uplands of Derbyshire and Cumberland, in Ayrshire, in the hillfoot country of Angus and Banff and in many other such places, it has persisted, because, for one reason or another, these districts did not appeal to the capitalist farmer when the new ideas of farming were coming in, when the farmer was turning himself into a mass-producer of food for the big town markets. Either these places were too far from the markets, or the land was too broken for large-scale tillage, or the climate was not suited to wheat, or the land was too good to make into a sheep run. And so these districts are left very much as they were, whereas in other parts you come upon the old organisation only here and there, in little backwaters like Laxton and Axholm, that seem to have been accidentally missed by the revolution.

The difference is far more than the difference between little farms and big. In parts like Wales and Cornwall, the farming has never been fully commercialised; it remains a way of making a living directly out of the soil rather than a business where the worker thinks in terms of a money wage, and the farmer in terms of cash profits or losses. But in the great arable belts along the East Coast, in Lothian and Lincoln and East Anglia and again throughout the Midlands, the land was turned into a factory for bread and meat. Especially bread was dear, and wheat-growing was a 10 per cent. proposition. Some of the great new farms were carved out of the wold and heath and downland with, upon the whole, but little human damage—a few commoners and squatters obliged to turn from their free-and-easy way of life to join the ranks of the toiling wage-earners. But in other cases the enclosure of the old open-field lands meant, in fact, the rapid disappearance of the small farms; their occupiers became daymen on the new big farms,

or went away to the towns; and in any case they fared very ill—they were starved and overworked and pauperised until, looking back on it now, it seems incredible that they should have borne the burden of their lives. The landlord got his big rent, the big farmer his handsome profit; capital was accumulated at a marvellous rate—in the form of great land improvements, factories, roads and railways—at the cost of two generations of misery to a class that had once been the backbone of England. In the Highlands the revolution took the form of making great new sheep farms; and usually it was a case of an alien farmer with his alien shepherd and hated south-country sheep stepping in and sweeping away a dozen or more families of the old people. Here the change was brought about with a maximum of human misery and bitterness. Well, 'it's an auld sang' as we say in my country. What are we going to do about it now? Shall we give back to the labourer the land that was his great-grandfather's? Shall we seek out, in Wigan, an unemployed factory hand and put him back on his ancestral acres in Suffolk? Shall we remake the Highland crofts and bring back the great-grandchildren of the emigrants? It is impossible to undo old injustices in that way. We must try to plan for the future and try to forgive the past.

But people still want smallholdings. I had a long letter from one, who says I don't realise what it means to live in the average farm cottage and work for the average master. That is quite fair; I'm sure I can't. Perhaps I can't realise either all that it means to be one's own master. But what I can and do see is smallholders and their wives and children doing what looks to me like sweated labour; often making, by their combined efforts, less than £1 14s. a week.

My correspondent complains that such smallholdings as come on the market to let always command rents that are twice as high, by the acre, as big farms alongside. This I should say is roughly true; indeed, it is just one of the troubles about smallholdings. But I don't think that rents are put up, or that smallholdings are made scarce, because landlords have an unreasoning prejudice against them. You can buy plenty of very fair agricultural land today for £20 an acre. But to chop it into thirty-acre holdings and five-acre fields; to build a decent house for each holding; to add stables, cowsheds and so forth; to lay on water and all that, may well cost £1,000 a holding or £33 an acre. Then the buildings and fences must be maintained and the estate management is more costly. If you look at the thing from the owner's point of view, and as a plain matter of business, you will, I think, see that he will often be worse off with £2 an acre rent from smallholdings than with £1 an acre from big farms.

Do We Want to Increase Food Production?

Now let us look at the thing from the point of view of the nation—town and country, producer and consumer. What should we gain by a fresh scheme of land settlement on the old lines, and what would be the cost? Judging by past experience and thinking first of purely material gains, we would achieve two things. We should put more people on the land, and we should increase the home output of food. It is always found that, under similar conditions, smallholdings tend to be more intensive than big farms—they employ more workers per unit area, and produce more food to the acre. And have we not two million unemployed and don't we still import more than half our food? True; but if we think internationally, there are too many people, and not too few, trying to live by the land. The output of the land-worker is already increasing faster than the world's population is growing. The rate at which his efficiency is rising seems likely to get faster and faster; the rate at which population is growing seems likely to get slower and slower. Fewer people, and not more, will be required ten or twenty years hence to feed the world. And then do we, at this present moment in this country, want more food? If you talk to the Cornish or the New Zealand farmer who is trying to sell butter, or the Canadian or Australian who is trying to sell wheat, or the Norfolk or Leicestershire or Argentine farmer who is fattening beef; you will hardly get that impression. The plain truth is, I am afraid, that if we employ more people to produce more food somebody else must grow less and employ fewer. And if we achieve our end by making more smallholdings we shall be deliberately insisting on producing, inefficiently and dearly, what somebody else is able to produce efficiently and cheaply. For it is another aspect of the problem that, though the small farm grows more per acre, the big farm grows more per worker.

But then you may say this ought not to be a question merely of output and prices; there is surely a human side to it. A dear loaf may perhaps be cheap enough if by its means we can turn half-a-million unemployed into fine self-respecting independent yeomen. But how far are you prepared to push the argument for 'making work'? Because if you carry it the whole way it means that we should all be living like Chinese peasants, digging each our acre of ground, eating our own corn and beans, building our own houses and making our own clothes. France is at the moment confronted by the question of how far she is to go in order to protect and maintain her peasant class. It is clear enough, for instance, that the small peasant can never again grow wheat in competition with the square-mile farmers on the



The Welsh landscape, near Aberystwyth

J. Dixon-Scott

prairie. Meanwhile, the peasant is being paid for his wheat about three times the world price and roughly twice the price at which the Canadian farmer could really afford to land wheat in France. Is this a fair price for maintaining a fine type of man who is an inefficient producer? It is difficult to find a set of scales to weigh up such things, one against the other. Let me leave the problem with this question. What will there be left, in twenty or thirty years' time, in the production of which the little farmer will be able to compete, on anything like level terms, with the mass production factory type of holding?

Welsh Mutton and Hereford Beer

Just south of Aberystwyth I had to strike inland across mid-Wales. I wanted to see Professor Stapledon's grasses again; and Professor White's sheep at Bangor; and Anglesey; and especially the Vale of Clwyd. But it couldn't be done in the middle of term. Some time when I have six years to spare instead of six weeks, I am really going to see this country. There are some fine bits of wild Wales this way over, views of broad valleys from high steep hills, the wonderfully wooded gorge and the waterfall by Devil's Bridge and a fine climb over the shoulder of Plinlimmon into the top end of the Wye Valley. And then as you go down the valley by Llangurig to Rhayader, and then over by New Radnor to Kington and Leominster, there is a fine succession of types of farming. First it is stony hillsides and Welsh mountain sheep, perhaps the tastiest morsels of the sheep kind that we produce. I remember one occasion when I lunched and supped on two successive days each time with different friends, at Aberystwyth and Bangor. It was June, the lamb was at its best, and I had lamb for all four meals—and it wasn't a bit too much. Then, as you come down and the land gets flatter, the fields are full of whitefaced Herefords and flocks of some of the breeds of sheep, little Radnors and Cluns, that I am still a little vague about. Then there is more arable, with a grass orchard here and there; next by Pembridge there is some really fat looking country with many orchards, and finally beyond Leominster you strike hops again. A good many Welshmen come east this way just as a good many Scotsmen 'haud sooth'. Mr. Evans told me that nearly half the farmers in Herefordshire are fellow countrymen of his own; and some of them make a longer trek, to the Midlands or farther. There is a big colony, for instance, round Rugby and there are a good many more in Herefordshire. There is something a little amusing, in a way, in the thought of the Saxons driving the Celts away, many centuries ago, into the barren Welsh Hills, and hemming them in with castles; and then in the sight of the hardy little hillmen counter-attacking with the weapons of peace and winning back, by their thrift and industry, the fat pastures that belonged to their remote ancestors.

I stayed at Hereford overnight and next morning was taken out by Mr. Evans, the organiser, to look at one of the county's biggest hop farms. Mr. Moore, the owner, has, besides, a good deal of land in ordinary crops, about seventy acres of hops. Perhaps that doesn't sound so much if you happen not to have seen all that hop-growing implies. About eight hundred men and women pickers come for the hopping (from South Wales and Birmingham mostly), bringing with them their children down to babies in arms. Thus, for three weeks the farm is turned into a town of two thousand inhabitants with its own policemen, trained nurse, Church Army worker, shopkeeper and so forth. Rather a handful altogether. Meanwhile the big oast-houses must be kept working day and night, and the expert in charge of the very delicate process of drying, must snatch an hour's sleep once in a while when he can be spared.

These Hereford growers had had a pretty abundant harvest, the quality was of the choicest and the marketing scheme has kept the price right. I hope that, when you quaff your pots of beer this winter, you will get an extra smack of enjoyment out of the thought that both the barley grower and the hop grower are making an honest trifle out of your thirst. I certainly shall. There aren't so many things that we consume these days about which the same sort of thing can be said. Do you ever think, when you eat a piece of bread and butter, that you are committing a swindle on somebody in Canada or Australia and on somebody else in Cornwall or Denmark or New Zealand? I know we can't help it. But it worries me sometimes when I stop to think about it. I would much rather pay a little more than feel that I am living on the sweated labour and ruin of somebody else.

By the way, I was wrong in what I said a fortnight ago about two details in this hop scheme. One point that I should have mentioned is that the user of the hops—the brewer—may grow what hops he likes for his own use. That prevents his being held to ransom. And the other thing is that the permissible acreage for the ordinary grower is based on his average acreage for the five year period 1928 to 1932—and not, as I said, on his 1931 acreage*.

I came home, of course, over the Cotswolds. In these days, when so much of the country has been spoilt beyond repair, and so much more is in course of being spoilt, it is comforting to look at the Cotswolds again. To say that many parts are still unspoilt is putting the matter far too low; for most of the beauty of them is man-made. Without their farm houses and cottages and churches, without their planted woods and enclosed fields, the Cotswolds would be just a rather bleak bare land. But I am not going to tell you how I came, or what I saw, or the places that I like best. You must allow me to be a little selfish. I would gladly take any of you there and would enjoy showing you round. But I don't want you all to go.

* Reference to this point will be found in a letter from the Secretary of the Hops Marketing Board on page 922

December in the Garden

By C. H. MIDDLETON

SOME people say you cannot successfully handle rock plants in December. No doubt October is better, but I usually plant out a few rock plants this month, and I don't remember ever losing one through it. I always make a point of getting plants in pots if I possibly can, because a plant knocked out of a pot will nearly always transplant safely—much better than a piece torn from an old clump—though most of the popular plants divide and transplant quite well now, if you handle them with reasonable care. I find it better to discard some of the old ragged plants each year and replace them with new ones which have been raised from cuttings; they give better flowers, and you can change things round a bit, and produce new effects. A flower I am very fond of in the rockery is the double daisy—*Bellis perennis*. I grow only two varieties, one is the fairly common crimson one, popularly known as 'bachelor's button', and the other is the little pink one, called 'Dresden china'. Perhaps my tastes are rather crude, but I would rather have a nice show of pretty flowers, even common ones, than try to grow rare museum specimens, which only fade away and die. Red is rather scarce in the Spring rock garden, and a patch or two of the 'bachelor's button' daisy makes a very welcome splash of colour. The little pink one, 'Dresden china', is much smaller, and needs planting in fairly generous quantities, say a couple of dozen in a group a foot or more across: odd plants here and there don't make much of a show. Another plant I am going to try this year is *Anemone Apennina*, a delightful blue anemone. I am planting a dozen or two bulbs of it in a shady corner of the rock garden. I once saw a large bed planted with the flowering almond—not big trees, but rather small bushes, 3 or 4 feet high—and underneath was a carpet of *Anemone Apennina*. The bright pink of the almond and the pale blue anemones all flowering together, made a very striking picture. I commend the idea to any of you who have an odd corner which wants filling with something bright. Talking of anemones, some of the other kinds make a very good show in the rockery, as well as in the mixed border. The 'St. Brigid' varieties and the 'poppy flowered' varieties are all extremely pretty, and include all sorts of colours, and they are not at all exacting. *Anemone fulgens*, a vivid scarlet variety with a black eye, is perhaps the most striking of them all. It isn't quite so easy to grow as the others, but it is well worth trying. You can often improve the setting of a rockery by using one or two dwarf shrubs, but make sure they are dwarf; you don't want to make a 'rookery' of it. I think the *Daphnes* are as nice as anything, because they are early flowering, and sweetly scented. *Daphne mezereum* is the earliest; its pretty pink flowers appear in February, and these are followed by a crop of attractive scarlet berries. *Daphne cneorum* is a low spreading shrub, about 9 inches high, and it has masses of bright pink scented flowers; it is rather particular about its diet, and likes a leafy, peaty kind of soil, so you must make a special pocket for it; but it is well worth a little extra trouble. The dwarf *Cotoneasters* are very nice and so are the *Pernettyas*, because of their attractive berries in the autumn. There is one important point about *Pernettyas*. The sexes are separate, so you must make sure that you have at least one male plant and one female plant or you won't get berries. If you fancy an evergreen, one of the best is *Cupressus Fletcheri*, a pretty little bluey green bush which never gets out of bounds. If you want to plant these little shrubs now, it is best to get them in pots: it is rather late to lift them from the open ground.

I suppose one of the most comfortable places in the garden just now is the greenhouse. Those who have greenhouses should remember to go easy with the water pot. There must be thousands of plants killed every winter by overwatering; most of them are resting now and they are much better without water at the roots. From now till the end of January, plants in a cool house require very little water indeed, only just enough to prevent the soil becoming absolutely dust dry. Another mistake many of you make is in the use of too much fire heat. Of course it depends on what you are growing; tropical plants must be kept warm, but at the moment I am thinking of the cool greenhouse where you grow a mixture of flowering plants such as *Geraniums*, *Cinerarias*, *Primulas*, and so on. These plants don't mind being cool, so long as they don't get frozen, but there are two things they cannot tolerate at this time of the year: one is a stagnant damp atmosphere and the other is sudden changes of temperature. The worst thing you can do on a frosty night is to build up a roaring fire and run the temperature up into the sixties. Forty-five degrees is plenty high enough on cold nights. All you need to do is to keep the frost out, and keep the atmosphere dry and circulating. To this end you should open the ventilators a little whenever you can safely do so. Another little tip: whatever plant you grow, try to find out something about its native country and climate, and endeavour to give it something

approaching its natural condition. For instance, if it comes from a country with a wet season and a dry season, give it a dry season here, and let it rest, because the resting, or dormant season, is just as important as the growing season. This is one reason why so many amateurs fail to get good results from the grape-vine in their small greenhouse; they don't realise that winter rest is just as essential to the vine as summer growth. What usually happens is that during the winter the house is filled up with all sorts of plants and ferns which require warmth, and the poor old vine has to put up with it and can't get a wink of sleep. The vine would be all the better for a taste of winter, and one way out of the difficulty would be to so construct the house that the vine rods can be pulled out through the ventilators, and kept outside till early March, when they can be taken into the house again and started into growth.

Perhaps I ought to say a word about pruning the vine while on the subject, because now is the time to do it. I expect your vine at the moment takes the form of a long central rod, with numerous small side-branches or shoots springing from it: at least, that is how it should appear. Pruning consists of cutting back all those side shoots to within half an inch of their base, so that, when you finish, all you have left is the central rod with a series of knobs along it—no branches at all. After pruning, it is a good plan to peel off all the loose bark and then paint the vine all over with this mixture: half-a-pound of sulphur, half-a-pound of soft soap and two gallons of water, thoroughly mixed. This will help to prevent insect troubles next year.

Now for the kitchen garden: there is always work to be done there, and just now it's mostly spade work. So get down to it and dig, whenever the weather is favourable. Dig deep and bury all the rubbish and waste vegetation well down below: it is much more useful there than on the rubbish heap. Don't bother to put a neat finish to your digging. You can do that in the spring: for the moment throw the soil up into heaps and ridges, and leave the surface as rough as possible, to expose it to wintry weather. The looser you make the soil now, the easier and the deeper will frost penetrate and the better will be the results. Perhaps your soil needs lime; if it does you must give it some, because it will never be fertile without it, however much manure you may use. On the other hand, if the necessary amount of lime is present, there is no point in adding more. Here is a very simple test which will enable you to find out for yourselves. Go to the chemist and get an ounce of *potassium salicylate*. Then mix a good teaspoonful of this with a handful of the garden soil and put it into a small glass jar or a tumbler. Fill up the tumbler with water and stir it well. Then let it stand for about twenty-four hours. If by that time the water has turned red, or reddish brown, your soil needs lime, but if the water remains clear there is enough lime present for ordinary purposes, and you need not add any more. If you find that you *do* need lime, then give the soil a dressing at the rate of twenty pounds to each square rod. If you use lime now, don't use manure until the early spring. It is not wise to give lime and manure both together, because if you do, a rapid chemical action takes place which causes some of the valuable properties of the manure to evaporate in the form of gas.

The Poets

Curious eye and searching knife
lay not bare but slay the life.
Therefore you shall never find
oak within the acorn rind,
never find, for search is vain,
the dream within the dreamer's brain.
Only when slow life has made
for the parched herds a cool green shade,
in the leaves the acorns swarm
countless from the single form.
Only when the dream is wrought
through the fires of love and thought
to a sensual form made clear
to mortal eye and mortal ear,
it shall leap, like northern streamers
bright across the darkness jetting,
from its mortal mould, begetting
other dreams in other dreamers.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns

The Film Institute

We should greatly appreciate the hospitality of your columns to enable us to draw public attention to the fact that the newly-established British Film Institute has now commenced activities, and has opened an office at 4, Great Russell Street, W.C. 1. It is generally known that the British Film Institute has been founded as a result of agreement between the late Commission of Educational and Cultural Films and the three bodies representing the main branches of the Film Trade—that is, producers, renters and exhibitors. The constitution and aims of the Institute have been submitted to and approved by the Board of Trade, which has granted it a licence to operate as a company limited by guarantee and without share capital. Its status is thus that of a corporate body undertaking a public service without commercial reward. The British Film Institute is directed by a Board of Governors composed so as to give equal representation to the public interest (through the membership of the Institute), the cinema industry, and educational and cultural interests. To advise them in carrying out the work of the Institute, the Board is now taking steps to form a larger Council or Advisory Committee representative of all special interests (commercial, amateur, technical, religious, educational, artistic, scientific and social) which may be concerned with 'the development of the film as a means of entertainment and instruction'.

A programme of work has been drawn up, of which the main features are: first, the provision of information on films, particularly those of an educational and cultural nature; next, the giving of advice on films and apparatus to educational and other organisations (both at home and overseas), and to individuals; third, the production of a descriptive and critical catalogue of such films, and the building up of a repository of films of permanent value; fourth, the encouragement of the production and better distribution of educational and documentary films; the Film Institute has already been approached by a leading producer and invited to place an ambitious scheme for the production of classroom films in collaboration with expert teachers; fifth, the issue of a quarterly illustrated magazine and a monthly bulletin of films suitable for educational purposes, or of other unusual merit; sixth, the holding of conferences and establishment of branches in all parts of the country to promote a better appreciation of the artistic and intellectual significance of the film.

In our opinion, this important work is being undertaken under the most favourable auspices—that is, effective close collaboration between educational, cultural and trade interests—and accordingly deserves a wide measure of popular approval. The public now has an opportunity to give its support to what is in effect a new movement, holding vast possibilities for the development of this great invention—the film—into a worthy instrument of national welfare and enlightenment. Membership of the British Film Institute is open to both individuals and to corporate bodies, and early application should be made to Mr. J. W. Brown (the General Manager of the Institute), who will answer all enquiries.

SUTHERLAND

Chairman, British Film Institute

Vanishing England

In Mr. Howard Marshall's talks on 'Vanishing England', he has a great deal to say about the disfigurement caused to the countryside by what he describes as tin(!) signs and advertisement hoardings, and I think it is only right that something should be said on the other side of the question.

First of all, advertising is today recognised as a commercial necessity, and outdoor advertising is part and parcel of it. Particularly must commercial enterprises situated on arterial roads make use of advertisements to attract custom: it is their living. That much of this advertising could be done better than it is can be granted, but the blame must be laid where it belongs—on the users of bad advertising—not on the people who make and sell the advertisements. Sir Lawrence Chubb, the Secretary of the Scapa Society, has recently made public reference to the extent to which the advertising contractors co-operate in improving the appearance and placing of their announcements. This co-operation is real, and few of the advertisements to which exception can be taken are the work of accredited contractors, who are usually most careful to see that their work does not cause disfigurement.

The position is not helped at all by people like Mr. Howard Marshall, who refuse to see the difference between good and bad advertising, and who are not content to assist in a process of gradual improvement, but who take the retrograde and useless

step of agitating for the abolition of all advertising. Most good things have in them the elements of evil, and advertising on the highways is only evil when it is abused. In regard to the Great West Road in particular, Mr. Howard Marshall greatly over-stresses the abuse of advertising; if every sign and poster on that road were removed, it would still remain what it is—a 'very nasty piece of work'. The advertisements, in fact, serve rather to brighten it than to degrade it. Mr. Howard Marshall says he likes 'to think of England as a national possession, to be shared by all'. Commercial interests will agree, and will ask why they cannot be allowed their share on equal terms with others. After all, the true beauty of England is far away from the industrial areas and arterial roads, and no sensible person wants to put advertisements in those places where Mr. Marshall could find the peace and quiet he desires. The industrial areas and main roads are the arteries of commerce, and it is right that so far as they are concerned commerce should come before amenity. I do not say that commerce should abuse its rights in this respect, but it should be allowed to use them to its own advantage.

If I may conclude on a personal note I should like to refer to the two pictures of Greenford on page 695 of THE LISTENER. They accurately represent the visual appearance of the same spot twenty-five (or even ten) years ago and today. What they do not show is that at the time when the first photograph was taken Greenford was, to my knowledge, a dirty insanitary untidy collection of hovels, poisoned with smells from the stagnant pools of the Brent river, with hardly a building in the parish that did not threaten to collapse. Today it makes a less attractive magazine illustration, but it is, from what I have seen of it in the last few years, at least clean and well drained; it may have more advertisements, but there is less chance of the inhabitants dying of diphtheria.

London, W.1

JOHN LANGDON

Secretary, the Master Sign Makers' Association

The National Character

Congratulations on printing Mr. L. D. Barber's quotation from R. B. Cunninghame Graham's 'Niggers'. At last it seems we are to be allowed to hear the other side. For is not Mr. Arthur Bryant's complacency beginning to wear rather thin? Complacency is the very life and soul of nationalism, which in its turn is the cause of wars. Surely nations, like individuals, can learn much more from a sober consideration of their faults as seen by their neighbours, than from the enumeration of their virtues as seen by compatriots. No generalisations on national psychology can, by their nature, do complete justice to a nation, but listening to both sides is at least an effort to attain a balanced view. Moreover, does not John Bull keep harping on 'fair play' as almost a monopoly of his? May I suggest that you should give us a series of talks on 'As others see us' by well-known foreigners? Would it not be interesting for instance to hear a Spaniard's view on John Bull's own brand of sadism as exhibited in prize-fighting, hare- and rabbit-coursing, fox- and stag-hunting, etc.?

London, W.C.2

EVAN MACRURY

Elizabeth Levett Memorial

I desire to enlist your support for the establishment of a Fellowship for Historical Studies in memory of Professor Elizabeth Levett, who died on December 9, 1932, at the early age of 51. Elizabeth Levett spent her adult years in the Universities of Oxford and London, and the four colleges of which she was a member now join in seeking to commemorate her. It is proposed that the Fellowship, which is to be open to women graduates of any university in the United Kingdom, be tenable in turn at the following colleges: Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, of which she was a scholar; St. Hilda's College, Oxford, to which she gave thirteen years of service as History Tutor and Vice-Principal; King's College, London, where she held the positions of Tutor to the women students and University Reader in Economic History; and Westfield College, London, which saw her all too brief Professorship from 1929 until her death.

Elizabeth Levett was a distinguished scholar; her writings on the Black Death and on the manors of St. Albans Abbey were in the tradition of Maitland and Vinogradoff, and placed her in the forefront of economic historians. But to many also she is remembered as the stimulating teacher, the wise friend, and the generous helper of adult education and other good causes. By giving to others such facilities for advanced historical study as enriched her life we shall keep alive a lasting memory of Elizabeth Levett and afford to women graduates a much-needed opportunity for contributing to learning. The scheme will require a capital of at least £5,000; we appeal to all who believe

in its value to give it their generous support. Gifts of any amount will be welcome either in the form of donations or of subscriptions over a term of years, and should be sent to the Honorary Secretary, 16 Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

Welwyn Garden City

ALBERT MANSBRIDGE

The Battle Abbey Roll

One wonders why the Battle Abbey Roll should have made such an impression on Mr. Mais, and what use it will be to the research students at the Huntingdon Library. The late Duchess of Cleveland's attempts to indicate its authenticity have not found favour with scholars. It is nothing but a fifteenth, or at the best fourteenth, century compilation, and of practically no value to genealogists.

Exeter College, Oxford

S. H. F. JOHNSTON

The Hops Marketing Scheme

My attention has been drawn to a paragraph in THE LISTENER of November 29, contained in the talk by Professor J. A. Scott Watson on 'Rural Britain Today and Tomorrow'. In stating—

Now the growers have formed a new marketing scheme. It is compulsory. Nobody may stay outside it. And each producer is limited to a certain acreage, which is that actually grown by him in 1931. If it happened that you had no hops that year you cannot grow hops again

—the writer would appear to be misinformed on the working of the Hops Marketing Scheme. Under the provisions of this Scheme which came into force on July 8, 1932, all hop growers (with a few exceptions) who offer hops for sale must do so through the Hops Marketing Board, and the Board is bound to accept all hops tendered to it by a registered producer, subject to a time limit which it is empowered to fix.

There is no restriction as to acreage or the quantity of hops which a producer may grow, and every person who begins growing hops is entitled to be registered and must be registered in order to sell his hops through the Board. In order, however, to obtain some control over the production of an industry in which the demand has been declining for many years, certain proposals to amend the Scheme have been submitted to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries for approval, and if these proposals are approved in their present form, the Board would be entitled to allot to each registered producer a quota for each year, representing in total the estimated requirements for the trade in that year. Any hops which a producer delivered to the Board for sale over and above his quota would be dealt with in a non-quota pool and payment for such hops would only be made after all quota hops had been paid for in full.

There is nothing, therefore, in the Scheme which would prevent a producer growing as many hops as he wishes, but such producer would necessarily consider whether his hops would be dealt with in a quota or non-quota pool, if the proposals submitted to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries are approved.

London, S.E.1

G. J. BELLEW

Secretary, the Hops Marketing Board

[A correction of his statements concerning the Hop Scheme will be found in Professor Scott Watson's talk published on page 919 of this issue—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

'Ibn Sa'ud—The Puritan King of Arabia'

To the hostile tone of your reviewer's remarks upon my book in THE LISTENER of November 29 I have no right publicly to object. But I should like, with your permission, to call attention to certain inaccuracies or unfairnesses in which he has indulged. He writes: 'Mr. Williams tries to leave one with the impression that the two monarchs [Ibn Sa'ud and Feisal] had come to the conclusion that Arabia, alone among all the countries in the world, had reached finality in its political permutations and combinations'. I tried to do nothing of the sort. This is a bad lapse by your reviewer. The whole tenor of my book, indeed, is against prophecy of any kind in so essentially shifting a country as Arabia. In conserving this attitude, incidentally, I differ fundamentally from your reviewer.

He says that, because of the threatened war between the Yaman and Sa'udia, 'British sloops are speeding down the Red Sea to Aden'—another lapse. The voyage of the Mediterranean destroyers to which he refers was to the Persian Gulf, and had little to do with Western Arabian affairs. He complains that I have not written about Russian or Italian penetration into, or plans in, the Yaman. But my book is about Ibn Sa'ud, not the Imam Yahya of the Yaman. Doubtless your reviewer deplores my 'omission' because he sees the Yaman only as part of Wahhabi Arabia in *posse*, the fight for its incorporation being, of all fantastic things, 'but the growing pains of Arabian unity'!

He remarks that I say nothing of the American oil concession. He is right. I did not mention it for the obvious reason (which surely might have occurred to him) that it was not signed when my book went to press. With later publication, I might also have added another fact not so encouraging to Sa'udia—namely,

the abandonment of the ex-Khedive's plan for a State Bank in Jidda. My mention of the horses in the famous story of Ibn Sa'ud's capture of Riyadh he dismisses as a 'fanciful variation'. It was made on the authority of Ibn Sa'ud's Minister in London, H. E. Shaikh Hafidh Wahba, who a few years ago wrote and read before a London audience a paper on the career of his King.

Finally, your reviewer's main burden seems to be that I did not write my book according to his recipe. To that charge, unmoved, I plead guilty.

Barnet

KENNETH WILLIAMS

Library of the Poetry Society

The comprehensive special library of the Poetry Society is at the service of readers for reference purposes. It has been gradually built up into a collection of about ten thousand volumes, but is necessarily incomplete. We have received special donations for library extensions from Lord Wakefield and other prominent members, and we should be glad to welcome copies of suitable books, new and old—books of poetry, works dealing with poetry and poets, and technical manuals relating to voice production and verse-speaking and verse-writing. We propose that if such gifts contain duplicate copies of volumes not needed by us, we shall pass them on to the National Library or to the Central Depot established by the British Institute of Adult Education with Lord Eustace Percy as chairman, thereby making the Poetry Society's Library a clearing house for volumes within our particular scope and doing what we believe will be a much needed service in addition to building up and filling in the gaps in our own library.

36 Russell Square, W.C.1

CARLYON BELLAIRS

President-General, The Poetry Society

Modern Art and Poetry

The vague charges which Mr. Ernest E. Allen brings against the art and poetry 'unduly encouraged' by THE LISTENER should not be allowed to pass unchallenged. To be quite definite, I challenge Mr. Allen to point out in what sense the art dealt with in your pages is more 'the expression of a clique' than was the art of, say, Botticelli, Mantegna and Raphael; and will he at the same time say how in this respect the poetry you publish differs from the poetry of, say, Donne, Wordsworth and Shelley? Such an attitude as his would seem to proceed as much from an ignorance of the circumstances in which the art and poetry of the past was produced as from a complete lack of sensibility for the significant art and poetry of the present. Or can Mr. Allen name a few moderns who, more completely than any that have appeared in THE LISTENER, represent the 'expression of great power and permanence'?

London, N.W.3

CHARLES MARK

Film of 'Black Beauty'

In THE LISTENER of November 22, 'Black Beauty' is mentioned as a film worth seeing. I have now had a personal opportunity of judging, and I must confess that I am bitterly disappointed. I appreciate Anna Sewell's story, but I fail to see why those responsible for the film should, under the title of the book, produce a story which does anything but adhere to the original. It is the essence of deceit to turn an old-time English carriage horse into an American racer, and I am confident that could the author witness the film, her disgust at the second-rate human element—so-called romance—introduced entirely as a result of some other person's imagination, would outbalance mine. If the original story is not considered of sufficient interest in these days of American speed appeal, then it would have been better to leave the book unfilmed than to give to it such a pictorial lie.

Bradford

L. GLEDHILL

Appeal from the Unemployed

As a permanent solution to the problem of unemployment, the 'Yeomen of Britain' are attempting to put into operation a scheme of self-contained and self-supporting community settlements. Meanwhile, we are also doing our utmost to alleviate present suffering, and have set up facilities where the destitute can have clothing, and four places where they can have a substantial meal free. Later, when funds become more plentiful, we hope to procure premises in which we can give shelter to those who cannot get accommodation in the various charitable institutions. This is our ambition, but we are all unemployed and need some help. Any gifts of food and clothing will be gratefully received by the Rev. Leonard C. Smith, Yeoman of Empire Depot, 105 Balls Pond Road, London, N.1, who is taking charge of this side of our work. Any suggestions about land at a low rental, with an option to purchase later, in close proximity to important centres, for training and home settlement purposes, will be of great value in promoting our schemes. Any communications should be addressed to me.

40A St. Stephen's House, S.W.1

ROBERT ENTWISLE

Secretary, Yeomen of Empire

Short Story

Protection

By STELLA BENSON

This story of Miss Benson's will be read at the microphone at 9.20 p.m. on Thursday, December 14

IN the corner of the dingy little saloon of the ship *China Rose*, Mrs. Burns sat eating her dinner with some difficulty, for the sea was rough. There were two or three other passengers in the *China Rose*—a small coastal ship—but all, it seemed, were seasick, except Mrs. Burns. The Captain and two of his officers sat at another table, and, after congratulating Mrs. Burns in jocular voices on her valiant immunity, talked among themselves only. The Captain seemed rather harassed. The day had been so dark and the sea so high that he had not been able to find out exactly where he was, and, since the coast was notoriously dangerous in that region, had been obliged to anchor as best he might when night fell. The ship, due in port that morning early, would therefore be at least twenty-four hours late, even if tomorrow's weather should be an improvement on today's.

Mrs. Burns was half way through her dinner when another passenger suddenly appeared—a young woman whom Mrs. Burns had not hitherto seen. The newcomer was very pale; her hair was untidy and she had rouged her cheeks very carelessly, but these flaws could not disguise her remarkable good looks. She strode to Mrs. Burns' table and sat down, saying loudly, 'I feel wretchedly ill, but I must put in an appearance, I suppose, to show that I'm not seasick'.

'My husband is not seasick either', said Mrs. Burns loyally. 'He ate some of that cucumber salad at tiffin', she added in a low secret voice, looking nervously at the Captain, in case his pride might be involved in the integrity of his ship's cucumbers.

'I'm so glad', said the newcomer.

Mrs. Burns, though subscribing, for her husband's sake, to the odd theory that it is somehow more noble to suffer from cucumbers than from seasickness, was a little surprised that this stranger should be actually *glad* of his sufferings. 'But girls will be girls, in these days', thought Mrs. Burns. 'Especially such good-looking girls'.

The stranger repeated, 'I am glad. Steward, take this cucumber salad away. It's a public danger. I'm glad, but not surprised'.

'What at?' Mrs. Burns could not resist asking.

'At being warned in time. It's always the way. I live an absolutely *protected* life'.

Mrs. Burns was an ideal receptacle for the stories of other people's lives. She looked very gentle; she never had any story of her own to tell; she nearly always made the correct flattering comments on the stories she was told, and was correctly flabbergasted at the correct moments. And so, between the stranger (Miss Wanda Galloway), a born talker—and Mrs. Burns, a born listener—talk, about Miss Galloway herself, of course, was almost inevitable. She spoke in a very clear, confident voice, and as she was a very handsome young woman indeed, the captain and officers, their faces turned towards her, prepared to listen, unabashed, from the other table. As the girl was so handsome, they naturally hoped to hear that gentle stream of fascinating inanity that beautiful lips as a rule emit, but disillusionment dawned as her self-confident, incisive voice clove the air.

'I've always been like that; it's quite disconcerting', she said. 'My guardian angel's really *too* officious. It's really embarrassing how everything is always so elaborately arranged for the best for me. Look at this delay in our arrival at Tungli-fu. It's all on my account. I get these wretched attacks of bronchial asthma—they only last twenty-four hours or so—and what does my guardian angel do but arrange to delay the ship twenty-four hours, so that I can stay in bed all day and keep warm and get well, instead of arriving at Tungli-fu this morning and splashing to shore in a sampan two miles over a rough sea. I tell you, it's typical. I'm always looked after like this'.

The Captain, perhaps thinking selfishly of his sailing schedule and the interests of his owners at the mercy of a passenger's officious guardian angel, rattled his coffee-cup a little irritably.

'You are joking, surely', said Mrs. Burns gently. 'You can't really believe that a heavenly being would watch so carefully over one person at the expense of others . . .'

'I must believe it', said Miss Galloway intensely. 'My experience obliges me to believe it. Guardian angels are fallible, like everyone else, I suppose, and mine is certainly over-zealous. I'm not saying I approve of it—on the contrary, I often feel really uncomfortable about it—but there it is. I remember first noticing it when my dear father died. He was very much opposed to my leaving home to study painting, and we had one dreadful final scene, in the course of which he threatened—poor darling—to cut me off with a shilling if I insisted on having my own way. He died of heart failure that night, poor dear Daddy; I was frightfully cut up, of course, but—I was able to study painting. The money Dad left me, though it wasn't wealth, was enough to keep me very comfortably during my training'. After a reminiscent pause she added, 'You will be wondering whether I became a good enough painter to justify my guardian angel in such a drastic removal of darling Daddy'. (The shocked Mrs. Burns had not been wondering anything of the kind. 'Art' was a kind of indoor game, in her view, and could not be looked upon as a justification of anything, in any circumstances, any more than ping-pong could.) 'The answer is, *No*', continued Miss Galloway relentlessly. 'I was a very bad painter indeed. My guardian angel, I suppose, realised this, for somehow, through a series of accidents, so to speak, I got the reputation of being a very subtle painter without ever having my pictures seen by anyone who really knew how to draw. Among those who didn't know how to draw—they are in a majority in European painting circles—I got the name of being so mysteriously significant that presently Wilson Forrest—who, of course, *did* know how to draw—asked if he might come to my studio. You know about Wilson Forrest, of course . . . Well, he was quite sure in advance that he had discovered a new marvel in me. My guardian angel pays the most extraordinary attention to detail in these matters; he had omitted nothing that could whet Wilson's keenness—without ever letting him come across a completed example of my work. (My beginnings are always very impressive.) On the day Wilson was coming, I was getting tea ready for him, and went out to get the cakes . . . I suppose the spirit lamp under the tea-kettle must have exploded—anyway, the studio caught fire; the house, in fact, was burnt down. Not one of my canvases was saved'.

'How very shocking!' exclaimed Mrs. Burns. 'Was anyone injured?'

'Injured? No. Oh yes, by the way, the landlady's little girl was badly hurt. Well, Wilson arrived when the fire was at its height, and he was so deeply impressed by the way I faced the complete loss of ten years' work, that he proposed marriage to me on the spot. I never painted another stroke, but, owing to Wilson's faith in me, this somehow enhanced my esoteric and subtle reputation—and, till the day of his death, he always spoke of me as a first-rate painter'.

'The day of his death!' echoed Mrs. Burns aghast. 'You are not going to tell me that your guardian angel took a dislike to—'

'Oh, not before my reputation was well established, of course. It was war-time, you know. Wilson was one of the first to join up, poor dear. As a matter of fact, he wasn't killed till two years later. Twice, indeed, we arranged to be actually married; but my guardian angel saw to it that all leave was stopped; the first time, the Battle of the Somme had begun and—'

'Surely you can't realise what you are saying!' gasped Mrs. Burns. 'That the Battle of the Somme, in which the flower of England fell, was arranged in order that you—'

'I'm not making any comment on the facts', said Miss Galloway. 'I'm not saying any of this was justifiable. On the contrary, I've admitted freely that my guardian angel carries things very much too far. I'm simply telling you what happened. The second time Wilson's leave was due—we had again arranged our wedding—but, that time, I broke my leg—'

'You broke your leg!' breathed Mrs. Burns on a refreshed note. Something like a sigh of relief went round the saloon—a sigh so audible that Miss Galloway realised then that the

Captain and officers were listening to her story, whether or not she noticed that all were pink with repressed hostility. She did not, however, lower her voice. She need fear no foe, being so assiduously protected.

'It was all arranged by that busy angel of mine, of course. It was in hospital that I met John—he was the house-surgeon. We became engaged almost at once. I must say my guardian angel has done him proud (as the saying goes) ever since. Stroke after stroke of wonderful good luck has come his way; I wish there was time to describe to you some of the proofs of elaborate pre-arrangement that came to light in connection with dear John's career. . . . He never could be spared, for one reason or another, to go to the war, and since the war he has had some marvellous jobs. Not only that, but all his cousins and things were killed and he inherited a great deal of money. His last job is just the kind of thing he loves—for he's an enthusiastic traveller. He's in charge of a group of big mission hospitals—endless opportunities for research, of course. I'm on my way now to be married to him at M—, where he has a most comfortable house in the hospital compound. Everything sounds delightful. Quite a comfortable train journey, I believe, from Tungli-fu—and now that the weather has delayed the ship long enough to let me get over my chill—well, you can see, can't you, that my guardian angel's obviously still on the job?'

'But what about poor Mr. Thingumbob?' asked Mrs. Burns most mournfully. 'Wasn't he very much upset?'

'Oh, Wilson? Yes, poor old Wilson turned rather nasty . . . said I'd treated him badly—but he was killed quite soon, poor old thing'. And in her expressionless tone, which conveyed 'So that was that', Mrs. Burns was horrified to recognise that impulse, that sometimes occurs like a chip of flint in the normal mind—and from the normal mind is instantly extracted—that flash of feeling, 'I injured him; the thought of him insults me in my own thoughts; I can't bear that he should be alive'. This feeling, an impulse of vengeance on the part of vanity, refers always to those we have injured rather than to those who have injured us. It is very much more unbearable to the vanity to hurt than to be hurt. The gentle Mrs. Burns, therefore, half-recognising something that appalled her in Miss Galloway's reference to her first lover's death, said, 'I am sorry, but I really must go to my cabin now; I'm feeling . . . sea-sick'. Sea-sickness is admittedly a shameful thing to admit—but there are deeper shames.

Mr. Burns, faintly bleating from his bunk for news of the outer world, was unable to understand what it was that had distressed his wife so much. 'Guardian angels?' he murmured, closing his eyes convulsively as the window-curtain swung out above him to an angle of thirty-five degrees. 'A very pretty notion, I should have thought, my dear. And very unusual in one of these modern girls . . .'

The Captain evidently discovered where he was by the more hopeful light of dawn, for the ship *China Rose* was entering Tungli-fu harbour as Mrs. Burns awoke. She was glad of this, for though the Burns' destination was not Tungli-fu, arrival at this harbour spelt 'Last lap, thank goodness', to them. Mrs. Burns was enjoying this trip even less than she usually enjoyed China coast trips; last night had left a bad taste in her mouth. As she lay musing in her bunk, she heard a widespread shouting outside, and then a terrifying slow crash. The ship gave a great lurch and recoiled, and then there was a second's silence, before the shouting began again. 'A collision', cried Mr. Burns. They were both on deck before they had time to think again.

The deck of the *China Rose* was strewn with wreckage, and yet it seemed obvious, even to a landlubber's eye, that the other ship involved was the more seriously damaged. The second officer confirmed this, when he had time to speak to passengers. 'It's a judgment on old Ericson', he cried. 'Look at his bows, I ask you. The *Rose* is well out of it. Did you see the way he came straight at us? Must have been drunk. Everyone knows old Ericson and avoids him like the plague. In the ordinary way we miss him here—it was just that twenty-four hours' delay. . . .'

'You'll find there was a reason for it', said Miss Galloway, who came up at that moment. The second officer disappeared uncomfortably. Mr. Burns, who, unshaven and in his crumpled kimono, looked no more smart than might be expected, after his thirty-six hours' ordeal, hurried away with a muffled apology. Mrs. Burns was too kind to escape so

precipitately, and the silence that followed—for Miss Galloway did not seem in the least curious about the accident—was broken only by a new voice. 'Darling Wanda—I saw it happen! Imagine my feelings! I was on my way out in the launch. I expected to see you go to the bottom before my eyes. Oh, darling—how frightful! And I'd been thinking we were so lucky, for I thought I might miss you. Our plans are all changed. I've been blessing the storm that delayed you. . . .'

Miss Galloway threw herself into the arms of the speaker, a large pink young man whom one could see at a glance to be an excellent creature. Mrs. Burns looked at him for a moment with a mourning eye, as at one doomed, and then, recollecting herself, and, still more, recollecting her kimono and pigtails, hurried to her cabin, additionally sped by the sound of more strangers approaching. As she dressed, she heard the chorus on deck increased to a community outcry, above which the piercing, cheerful voice of Miss Galloway's beloved could be heard crying, 'Darling! Isn't it *too* extraordinary!'

So many newcomers, attracted by the accident, were now on board that Mr. and Mrs. Burns, arriving in the saloon for breakfast, found scarcely a seat free, and were enabled to sit down only by the offer of Miss Galloway and her young doctor—'If we sit small, this seat'll hold us all'. 'Isn't it *too* extraordinary!' shrilled the ingenuous young man as soon as he had been introduced. 'It's *so* like darling Wanda—she's literally collided with a parson—just at the right moment . . . yes, there was a parson on board the other ship, and as both ships are going to be delayed, he can marry us. Isn't it extraordinary—parsons are such very rare birds at Tungli-fu. You see, our plans had been changed; I'm being sent down the coast (I was booked on that ship that you collided with) to help to deal with an outbreak of plague, and—'

'Oh—don't go where there's plague', cried Mrs. Burns, to her own surprise.

'Why not? It's a marvellous chance for me. Anyway, the only fly in the ointment was a frightfully big fly; I had had to wire to Wanda to postpone our wedding and tell her to go up to Hongkong and wait for me there. But now—not only is this ship twenty-four hours behind her time—so that I could meet her myself—not only has Wanda nailed down a parson by colliding with him—but both ships are now delayed for repair, so that we can be married and have three or four days together before I have to send her to Hongkong—'

'Three or four days of delay!' echoed Mr. Burns, horrified, thinking of the mission conference in Hongkong to which he was bound.

'Yes—isn't it extraordinary! It might have been arranged'.

'It was', said Miss Galloway.

Her lover laughed. 'She's got a bee in her bonnet, this girl has! Isn't she a darling!' he said to Mrs. Burns.

Mrs. Burns shuddered. 'I think your plans are very rash, really I do—if you'll forgive my saying so'. She tried to put into words the reason for her feeling. 'Getting married . . . and then parting at once . . . and then sending her in this ship to Hongkong . . . and then going, yourself, into such danger . . .'

'Oh, there's no danger from plague!' cried the young man blithely. 'And even if the worst came to the worst, it's much easier to fix things up safely, you know, for one's widow than—'

'Oh, don't—don't!' cried Mrs. Burns.

Mr. Burns was still intent upon his own misfortune. 'Three or four days', he murmured tragically, and the moment breakfast was over, he hurried to buttonhole the Captain. Mrs. Burns waited for him on deck. The two damaged ships lay close together, a swarm of boats and launches round them. What few other passengers there were went ashore. Miss Galloway went ashore with her true love and her miraculously discovered clergyman. 'You must come to the wedding, Mrs. Burns—I'll let you know', she called up from the launch. Mrs. Burns smiled and waved, but she could have cried as she looked down on the innocent bald spot on the fluffy crown of the intended husband. It seemed to her that Miss Galloway's guardian angel sat beside him, eyeing him ominously, fidgeting with a flaming sword. . . .

Mr. Burns at last appeared with the Captain.

'Shall I go to their wedding or not?' said Mrs. Burns restlessly.

'You can't', said Mr. Burns. 'We're off. The Captain says

the damage isn't so serious as he at first thought—and it'll be better repaired in Hongkong. We're off at once'.

'But—oh, Captain—Miss Galloway . . . she's supposed to be coming to Hongkong . . . she went ashore . . . oughtn't we to send word . . . ?'

'If passengers leave the ship before I've made my arrangements they must take the consequences', said the Captain with a slightly guilty look.

'But her luggage—her trousseau?' implored the tender-hearted lady.

'It's gone ashore in the agents' launch'.

'Captain! I believe you deliberately —'

'If passengers leave the ship —' began the Captain again, and then candour rushed back into his face. 'I'm damned if I'll have any more guardian angels in my ship!' he said, and walked away gaily, sniffing pleased sniffs about the deck, as though it had been successfully disinfected.

Everyone in those seas remembers the fate of the *China Rose*. She must have been much more seriously damaged by the collision than she seemed, for she developed a list not long after leaving Tungli-fu, and quite slowly and quietly

capsized. The passengers, officers and crew all had ample time to find safety in the boats.

'It's that devil of a girl', was the first thing the Captain said, after a long, most unhappy silence, as he sat in the lifeboat beside Mrs. Burns.

'I don't quite see why, sir', said the second officer. 'Though I agree that she was a devil of a girl'.

'I figured it out wrong, of course', said the Captain. 'She seemed to be so dangerously *well-protected* that I thought it was our only hope to leave her behind. But now, of course, it's obvious that that damned angel of hers arranged for her to be left behind'.

'But she would have been all right with us, sir', persisted the second officer. Here we are, all safe and sound—and Lord knows *we've* got no guardian angels fussing about . . .'

'She would have lost her trousseau', said the Captain gloomily.

'Oh, you shouldn't talk in this way, even in jest', said Mrs. Burns gently. She looked uneasily at the melancholy bowed-down faces of the sailors, and, as she did so, she had a sudden impulse to pray for the young man who was by now the husband of the beautiful Miss Galloway.

Books and Authors

First Over Everest

First Over Everest: The Houston Mount Everest Expedition, 1933. By P. F. M. Fellowes, L. V. Stewart Blacker, P. T. Etherton, The Marquis of Clydesdale. Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

IT MAY SEEM STRANGE TO SOME PEOPLE that one of the tasks that man has set himself is 'the conquest of Mount Everest'. He has determined to set his foot on the summit of the highest mountain of our earth. Until the foot of man is placed on the actual summit—not a hundred feet above it or below—the problem that man has set out to solve has *not* been solved. Four expeditions on foot have reconnoitred and assaulted the mountain, one from the air. The problem is nearer solution as the result of these heroic efforts, but it has not yet been solved.

First over Everest is the official account of the air expedition, written with all the enthusiasm of those who shared in the great adventure. After a Foreword by John Buchan, in which the writer calls attention to the fact that the true purpose of the flight was 'austerely scientific', to the intricate nature of the necessary organisation, to the difficulties of the enterprise, and to the results achieved, the first four chapters are devoted to the inception of the undertaking and to the details of the technical planning, of the oxygen apparatus, and of the problems of air-photographic survey. While there is perhaps an insufficient appreciation of the difficulties of the actual plotting of maps from air-photographs in the last of these chapters, the preliminary problems are dealt with fully, and in a language intelligible to all. The admirable description of the complicated controls of the machines, oxygen regulators for pressure and flow, and the various devices for warming, not only observer and pilot, but cameras and their lenses, give the reader some indication of the foresight required for such an undertaking and of the hazards of the flight.

The next two chapters, V and VI, sketch the general history of the exploration and survey of the Mount Everest region and Nepal, and close with the objectives of the flight. The authors have been generous in correcting the error made in the Press prior to the flight, by giving some details of the survey of Nepal by the Survey of India, carried out from November, 1924, to March, 1927. There are, however, some historical inaccuracies in these two chapters. Two may be mentioned here: Colonel Valentine Blacker is correctly designated Surveyor-General from 1823 to 1826; but neither Lambton, to whom the commencement of the Indian triangulation was due, nor Sir George Everest, who carried the work to the Himalaya, served under him. Everest was disciple of and successor to Lambton, of the Great Trigonometrical Survey, not to Valentine Blacker, of the Topographical Survey. The two surveys were distinct, though Everest eventually directed both. There is also some confusion regarding the journeys of the Indian 'Pundit', Hari Ram. This intrepid explorer, M.H., or 'No. 9', as he was variously called, made five expeditions into Nepal and Tibet, between 1873 and 1893, the second and fourth of which alone are referred to in Chapter V, though with due appreciation. On his second expedition, M.H. did not pass from north to south along the course of the Arun, as stated (page 91), but over the Thong La to Nyenam, more than sixty miles west of Everest. These places are easily identifiable on the modern map of Nepal, as is the

Indrawati, which is the main head stream of the Sun Kosi and a large river flowing some sixteen miles east of Katmandu. The authors state: 'It is not easy to identify this on the present day maps, possibly because of the change of name of the little stream'.

The chapter on the flight to India is well written and of considerable interest, but chapters VIII (Nepal) and IX (Life at Purnea) become more than tedious. It is not very complimentary to the reader to tell him on p. 148: 'Along the north-eastern confines of India lies the mightiest range of mountains in the world'. And these two chapters are full of matter quite irrelevant to the project.

It is not till p. 181 that we reach the account of the first flight to Mount Everest, followed by that to Kangchenjunga and the second one to Everest. These thirty-three pages are enthralling: there is and can be nothing superfluous in the recording of three such achievements. The reader, primed by the maze of controls described in the early chapters, can appreciate the amazing efficiency of the engines, the courage of the airmen, and the extraordinary difficulties of navigation. The multiplicity of essential duties made the task of identifying any known points for certain or of keeping to a planned course almost impossible; and it was this that was responsible for the mistakes in the London Press when the photographs were first published. There is also some inconsistency between the account of the second flight and the diagram at p. 219. The plans prepared beforehand, as well as the account in the book, lead one to believe that the planes approached Mount Everest from the west, deliberately to take advantage of the fierce winds from that direction and so reduce petrol consumption. The 'vertical photographs' and diagram at pp. 218-9 show that the course was due north from the head of the Hongu Khola stream, west of Chamlang, to Lhotse II, about two miles south-east of Everest.

The photographs taken on the two flights form a remarkable series and are beautifully reproduced; there is an interesting anaglyph to show the value of stereoscopy to 'vertical' photography. The photographs have now all been carefully examined by experts, the mountains identified, and the 'vertical camera' strips plotted, as far as possible, to form a map, in the words of the author of the Foreword, 'some twenty miles long and something under two miles wide'. There is every reason to hope that on to these strips, fitted to and improving the existing map, it will be possible to tie some additional topographical detail from the oblique photographs. Nepal covers some 55,000 square miles, and the inhabited regions are accurately shown on the Survey of India map. This map can be improved in the inaccessible regions by air photography, though we are still some distance from the fulfilment of the authors' dream, in which they 'foresee air-survey being carried out at upwards of 30,000 feet, with thirty-six square miles mapped at each exposure of the camera, and ten times that amount with multi-lens cameras'.

KENNETH MASON

Books and Authors

Rebels and Reactionaries

Memories of a Victorian. By Edgar Jepson. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

Twice Seven. By H. C. Bainbridge. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

Female Pipings in Eden. By Dame Ethel Smyth. Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.

Reaped and Bound. By Compton Mackenzie. Secker. 6s.

What Me Befell. By J. J. Jusserand. Constable. 15s.

Reviewed by G. K. CHESTERTON

I SUPPOSE no word is more queerly used than the word 'unrest'. The queerest use of all is when the newspapers talk about a strike, or more often a lock-out, as a labour unrest. Hundreds of hard-working people for some reason throw down their tools and stop working, and it is called unrest: it would seem more rational to call it rest. Well, we have only too much of that sort of rest or unrest just now, and no strikers to curse for it. The phrase has done immense mischief, implying that incessant work is so normal to the workers that we never even notice them until they stop working. But more generally we talk about intellectual and moral unrest, and call it the special mark of modern times. Perhaps this is an exaggeration: man has always been a rather restless animal, and I should like to observe just now that even what is called modern unrest is of two very different types. What people call night-club life—jazz and cocktails and so on—may be an example of what the poet called 'that unrest which men miscall delight', but there are some simple souls who do seem to find it delightful. But there are now two kinds of restlessness: the restlessness of people outside the night-club who want to get into it, and the restlessness—the much greater restlessness—of the people inside the night-club to get out of it.

I have been reading four or five books of modern memoirs which illustrate this curiously. The first, I think, to appear was the autobiography of Mr. Edgar Jepson. It is very amusing, but the best joke in it is that it is called the *Memories of a Victorian*. When I think what most modern people mean by a Victorian!—a stolidly conventional, strictly respectable, stout person with grey side-whiskers, holding family prayers! Well, I have had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Jepson, and he is not like that. His book is not at all like that: it is about what is rather queerly called 'the naughty 'nineties', and the author is not so much concerned to prove that he is a Victorian as to prove that he is a 'naughty 'ninety'. Heaven forbid that I should affirm that he is naughty, any more than that he is ninety, but he would be the last to deny that there is a flavour of hedonism about his book, suggesting a monarchical loyalty rather to be called Edwardian than Victorian, and suggesting that he would prefer to be thought naughty rather than to be thought ninety. And yet he has real convictions, and there is a more distinguished kind of unrest in his view. He puzzled one friend by genuflecting to an altar as he would puzzle another by dallying doubtfully with theoretical divorce. But that was absolutely typical of the 'naughty 'nineties'.

Now I might take along with this book, in illustration, another called *Twice Seven*, the autobiography of Mr. H. C. Bainbridge. Mr. Jepson's book is amusing both in its sense and nonsense, and Mr. Bainbridge's book is interesting in a great many other aspects besides that which interests me here. But what interests me is his account of that very queer bird who called himself a raven—Baron Corvo, who had no more claim to the name of Corvo than he had to the title of Baron. His name was Rolfe, and he was exactly typical of the 'nineties, though he probably genuflected rather more often than Mr. Jepson. The interesting point here is that Mr. Bainbridge still really venerates Rolfe—and that is always interesting, touching a man whom most men dismissed as a mystical quack. But both these books about this period attest the same truth: that so far from being a restful, it was a very unrestful, period. The Victorians had conventions, but that is quite a different thing from being content with conventions. The truth is that the Victorian time was marked throughout by the fact that people were not content with their conventions. That is why they were called conventions. When conventions are real customs, they are not even called customs: they are simply done. Men like Rolfe and Jepson were unrestful under the Victorian conventions, and that alone shows that the conventions were not perfect—not even perfectly conventional. For if respectability cannot give us rest, what the devil can it do?

But there was another revolt against the Victorian convention which was even more Victorian. That also was going on all the time, from George Eliot to Sarah Grand. It was a revolt against the respectable people by rebels who were far more serious than the respectable people—I might say far more respectable than the respectable people. The Victorian time was full of earnest ethical riots. The last and most famous sequel of that tradition was what we called 'the Suffragettes', and curiously enough this forms the final conclusion of the memoirs of a lady whom

we might well expect to talk entirely about more pleasant things. Dame Ethel Smyth in her *Female Pippings in Eden* writes a most illuminating narrative. Dame Ethel Smyth is a very great artist, and you might imagine that she would be more interested in her own art. It remains the admirable and, to me, astonishing fact that she still seems more interested in votes than in notes. I know that creative artists do not talk about art: for the one thing that cannot be talked of, and hardly even thought of, is creation. But there is something a little funny in the memoirs of a great maker of music petering out into little patchy political notes about what happened to the Pankhursts. Its application here, however, is simply that what we call the Victorian tradition was really seething from first to last with unrest and revolt.

Now nobody will understand the world at this moment, who does not realise that the revolt has changed. In various ways Dr Smyth and Mr. Jepson and poor old Corvo thought they were rebels against an order—an oppressive order, but still an order. What has happened today is that a new generation is in revolt against disorder. It has found that disorder is far more oppressive than order. So it is, of course, or men would never have established order. But that is the turning-point of our time, and that is why it was the last generation that was the generation of Socialists, and this generation that is the generation of Fascists. I do not mean that I agree with either, but I do mean that the young are beginning to react against anarchy. I should take as a very typical figure of the whole recent turning movement, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who had every success in a new world of liberty, and who deliberately turned back to look for a loyalty. His collection of essays, which are practically reminiscences, illustrates this very sharply, especially as the last essay is called Nationalism and is an eloquent plea for the return of the Scot to Scotland, as to a home more holy than cheap commercial conquests. I would also commend his gallant defence of the romantic aspect of war, in the face of the whole fashion of his day. Nowadays it needs great courage to admire courage.

Now in Mr. Mackenzie we have the case of a new sort of revolt: it is the revolt against the nonsense and anarchy of the the last forty years of fashionable philosophy: it is the unrest that is inside the night-club among those who want to get out of it. It is a new sort of unrest, but it is not rest. It is still in the turmoil of the times in a world like a whirlpool. Indeed, Mr. Mackenzie has to exaggerate, has to be extravagantly romantic, extravagantly Scottish, in order to balance the base vulgarity of a cosmopolitan world. Curiously enough, the last book I have in hand offers something like a suggestion for the completion of the circle. I know not when I have read a stronger book, in the sense of a steadier book, than the memoirs of the late Jules Jusserand, *What Me Befell*. I know that nowadays a book is called a strong book because it is the utterance of a weak man. It is called strong because the man who writes it is incapable of keeping anything to himself, of controlling any of his passions—either the meaner passion of publicity or the manlier passion of lust. But when I call Jusserand's narration strong, I mean that Jusserand was in complete control of it. He was a scholar, historian, and ambassador. He took responsibility for granted, and the responsibility of writing a book. In him there was no unrest, neither the unrest of the rebel against the old authority nor the unrest of the reactionary seeking new authority. And if we read the first passages at the beginning, we shall realise that the root of this rest is in something which I delight to praise, because it is now almost universally neglected—the greatness and the permanence of France. The solitary special distinction of the Jusserand memoirs is that they begin with contentment: none of the other Victorian memoirs begin with anything but discontent. Some Victorians were too lively for Victorian conventions: some Victorians were too serious for Victorian conventions. None were content with them. But Jusserand describes an ancient life on the land in Southern France, in contact with peasants—a life with which men were content, or at least children were content, until the time came for fighting. That is the challenge to the modern world: not that it has not stopped storms from raging, or rivers from running wild; but that it has not been able to keep even the banks solid from which the swimmer is to plunge. It has failed to make even the starting point a fixed thing. And as for the goal. . . . God knows about that!

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Psychical Research. By Hans Driesch. Bell. 5s.

HERE, WITHIN THE COMPASS of under 200 pages, we have a close analysis of the whole field of psychical research, by a biologist of international reputation. Professor Driesch sets himself two tasks—to determine the facts regarding super-normal phenomena, and to choose an explanation of these facts out of the many that present themselves. It is not without significance that the longest chapter of his book—nearly one-third of the whole—is occupied with 'the forms of possible deception', which leads up to the conclusion that the only attitude a man of science can take is to put aside all phenomena as insufficiently certain, if they have occurred under inadequate conditions not absolutely excluding fraud. Professor Driesch then applies this rigorous test to the two classes of phenomena which come under investigation—the 'paraphysical', or material, and the 'parapsychical' or mental—in order to be able to tabulate the established facts. As regards the first category, 'nothing is at present unquestionably certain in the field of paraphysical phenomena, because in no single case could the conditions of investigation completely exclude the possibility of fraudulent deception on the part of the medium or of one of the sitters'. He adds, however, that he considers the genuineness of telekinesis, fragmentary materialisations, and spontaneous hauntings (bound to places or persons) as 'probable' though not certain. In the second category, of parapsychical phenomena, he lists telepathy as 'a quite certain fundamental phenomenon', and also thought-reading and combinations of thought-reading with telepathy. Clairvoyance and prophecy he classes as 'probable' only.

In the second part of his book Professor Driesch examines the principal theories that have been put forward to explain this modest substratum of fact underlying the vast mountain of alleged phenomena of all kinds. Proceeding as cautiously as before, he points out that, if any material phenomena be accepted as genuine, it is not so much the 'fact' as the 'mode' of their happening that requires explanation; he is inclined to consider them as 'vitalistic actions, which, since they issue from man, could even be described as forms of "behaviour", admittedly of an unconscious kind'. With regard to mental or parapsychical phenomena, he examines these hypotheses:—the first is that of 'radiation' (by analogy with wireless or X-rays), which he dismisses as not explaining the facts of thought—or knowledge—transference, since we know of no way in which such knowledge can be transferred except through the use of conventional symbols, which are lacking parapsychically. A second hypothesis is that of 'exteriorisation', or the temporary separation of the mind from the body—a theory which has the merit that it alone provides an explanation for clairvoyance, if that phenomenon is held to be proved. Thirdly, comes the theory of 'cosmic consciousness', that 'the superpersonal domain is not only an indefinite framework connecting personal living minds and rendering possible an immediate supernormal transference of knowledge between them; it is also a kind of superpersonal subject', which 'contains in itself all the plans of the lives of all human beings'. Over against this is the fourth and last theory of 'monadism' or true spiritualism—that is, the survival of incarnate minds after the death of the physical body. Professor Driesch, after making a detailed comparison between these last two, seems to incline to favour the latter, since 'monadism' uses somewhat fewer essentially new things than the doctrine of the cosmic consciousness with its plans', and again 'the selective and personificatory structure of so many supernormal communications suffices, at least, for a serious consideration of the monadic theory'. Coming from a philosopher and scientist of such standing, this is an exceedingly interesting and weighty pronouncement, which the author's controlled and careful style of argument renders all the more impressive.

Gourmet's Book of Food and Drink. Lane. 7s. 6d.

More Good Food. By Ambrose Heath. Faber. 6s.

Good Fare. By Edouard de Pomiane. Howe. 3s. 6d.

There seems to be no end to books on food, wholly practical, half practical, and what may vaguely be termed artistic. Which, it is to be hoped, is symptomatic, for no unprejudiced person is likely to deny that a little more knowledge in culinary matters will do the English people no harm. Of the three books under review there is no doubt which, as a book, must have pride of place. *The Gourmet's Book of Food and Drink* is not only extremely amusing and most delightfully illustrated, but is far more practical than would appear at first sight, or indeed than one would think from the title. An author who gives precise instructions how to make really good bacon and eggs and coffee is a benefactor to the English nation, which eats more bacon and eggs, not always good, than all other nations put together, and makes undoubtedly the worst coffee in the world.

There is, of course, much more besides, but this shows the author's very proper regard for fundamentals.

Mr. Heath's book is especially valuable for the fact that he has set out his recipes according to the months of the year and the various ingredients that are in season. Not for him, thank Heaven, the perverse luxury of fruits and vegetables out of season. He should have the credit for having realised, unlike so many people who write about food, that it is not an advantage to eat precisely the same things all the year round, and that any attempt to do so either leads to satiety or, in the majority of cases, inferior quality. There is a great deal to be said for not trying to force the hand of nature in this, as in many another, matter. The quite exceptional range of Mr. Heath's recipes is also valuable. Some of them, from a perhaps too casual glance, seem a little elaborate for the average English household; but the English cook, if not the English household, would be none the worse for having to take a little more trouble. In any case his variety is such that there remains an ample choice for everybody's means and tastes. Nor is the use of wine in cooking, often postulated by Mr. Heath, so expensive an affair as the translators of M. de Pomiane's book seem to think. Nor, as they seem to imagine, is it 'nearly always optional'. Nor are the wines specified by them—Port, Madeira and Burgundy—the sole or even the principal wines used in French cooking. M. de Pomiane's book is undoubtedly the most scientific of the three and, in so far as exact proportions of ingredients are given, this is an advantage to those who have not the natural gift for cooking, the class of reader for whom the book is avowedly designed. It seems odd that it should be a Frenchman who writes a book for a generation which, he asserts, has lost all natural aptitude for, and interest in, cooking. If this is true of the younger generation in France, a country where, one had thought, almost every man and woman was born with a natural flair, the look-out for the rest of the world would seem to be decidedly gloomy. But M. de Pomiane's pessimism is possibly exaggerated; he appears to imagine that the only way to interest the younger generation in culinary matters is to present them in terms of the physiological laboratory. Yet I have not noticed that the younger generation, either in France or elsewhere, feels a compelling necessity to translate all the activities of life into terms of science. There is indeed a decided reaction at the present time against any such thing. So obsessed, however, is M. de Pomiane by Science that he will not even use the word 'cookery', but has invented a truly horrible term, 'gastrotechnics'; which to one reader at any rate suggests a course of strenuous physical exercises rather than the pleasures of the table. However, if other readers either do not share, or can surmount the prejudice aroused by this nonsense, they will find M. de Pomiane's book both interesting and useful.

Die Neugestaltung des Modernen Englischen Theaters

By Harry Bergholz. Berlin. 25s.*

This is the kind of book no Englishman could possibly have written—which need be no reproach. The Germans have always shown a most assiduous industry in gathering facts and interpreting their drift, more especially when they are out-of-the-way facts in science or art. The history of the British stage from 1870 to 1930 is such an out-of-the-way subject. Few English scholars (Professor Allardyce Nicoll is perhaps a happy exception) are interested enough in the stage to take it seriously. But it offers a prolific field to the German student, and becomes really interesting when he has made up his mind (as Herr Bergholz shows that he has made it up in his opening chapter) that the period in question is revolutionary and epoch-making. His task is then to assemble a mass of facts all bearing on his general conclusion; and this way of approach distinguishes him from most writers of recent theatre history, who are more concerned with events on the stage than with the reasons for them. Certainly the facts in support of the revolutionary argument are collated with the utmost thoroughness, and a great number of English quotations are given to prove their authority and lighten the reader's task.

If every eventful period can be called epoch-making, Herr Bergholz proves his point well enough. He has little difficulty in showing that the standards of our theatre today are utterly different from those which prevailed in the time of Robertson (whom, by the way, he undervalues). And if the professional stage has vastly altered its view of life, the new amateur movement has created a fresh view of the theatre itself. The societies and individuals all over the country who are seeking expression in drama have little in common with the old school of professionals except the use of stage and curtain. And the author of this book does not make the common mistake of supposing these important changes to be due to the dramatists alone. He is writing theatre history, and playwrights as

*Bergholz Verlag, Berlin-Wilmersdorf

individual artists engage very little of his attention—perhaps not enough. Instead he has been reading all the English literature on theatre organisation, the literature of the National Theatre movement in particular; and studying, often at first hand, the work of the dramatic groups and repertory theatres that pursue less consciously commercial aims than the London West End stage. Some of us will feel that this preoccupation with the organised and organising theatre weakens the book. For there are two sides to this theatre question, the practical and the æsthetic; and a very strong case can be made out for the view that our European theatre today is undergoing not so much a revolution as a rebirth, such as it underwent once before in ancient Greece and again in the Renaissance. Vital changes of this character spring from causes in the mind of man that are quite independent of his organising activities. They can manifest themselves in the theatre of commerce itself, as in the Elizabethan theatre or that of Racine and Molière. And of such a possibility underlying the activities of our present-day stage Herr Bergholz gives no hint, though he duly records in the course of his survey the work of an enterprise like the Cambridge Festival Theatre. The book contains copious lists of amateur or repertory productions and a full index. Upon the whole it is clear that the serious professional stage receives too little attention.

The English Vision. By Herbert Read
Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.

To understand the significance of the word 'vision' in the title of this anthology, it is useful to contrast it with the word 'reason', which, as Mr. Read tells us in the introduction, is taken by the French philosopher M. Benda to be the mark of the specifically Western outlook. M. Benda believes that through reason, 'the religion of clarity', Europe may yet work out its salvation, but for this purpose Mr. Read is suspicious of a process in which 'we must put reflection before spontaneity, order before invention, truth before originality'. For him the English 'vision' is the better way, because it strikes a balance between reason and emotion. He believes with D. H. Lawrence 'that the most living clue of life is in us Englishmen in England . . . and that the English vision has a 'universal validity'. The present book is an attempt 'to give that clue', and since it is beyond final definition an anthology is the ideal form for it. It is beyond definition because it is in no sense a theory or a philosophy. It is the product of reason only when reason has been 'stirred by the imagination (which in its turn has its roots in the senses)'. It is thus upon true feeling rather than upon true theory that our institutions, our schools, our art (contrast a Fielding or a Dickens with a Flaubert) and most markedly of all our Constitution, rely. So, too, in our ideals of conduct (contrast the English gentleman—for whom Newman here testifies—with the duelling aristocrat of Germany). In the age of reason our characteristic contribution was a Dr. Johnson with a warm heart and 'adamantine common sense'. But the English vision is not like the national character accountable in terms of environment and racial inter-mixtures. It is something central, at the core of our being, as religious genius is with the Jews. Our national character (for which reference may also be made to the series of talks now in progress) may change, as our way of life, our society, our culture are now changing. But the English vision must not change. And so at the end of the book a quotation of D. H. Lawrence appears with special force, driving home its purpose: 'Let all the leaves fall and many branches. But the quick of the tree must not perish'. *The English Vision* is not a book to browse in. It should be read straight through as one vivid and continuous presentation of the English view of life.

Spring Encounter. By John Pudney
Difficult Morning. By Randall Swingler
Methuen. 2s. 6d. each

It is not, perhaps, altogether the coincidence which it appears that the titles of the first two volumes in Messrs. Methuen's new series of modern poets should exhibit a certain similarity. For Mr. John Pudney's *Spring Encounter* and Mr. Randall Swingler's *Difficult Morning* have a broader common basis than the general attitude suggested by their titles. Mr. Swingler and Mr. Pudney are alike, that is to say, not only in sharing a habit of mind, a tendency to see life in terms of the same philosophy, but in their manner of interpreting their reactions poetically. In both, for example, the dominant poetic impulse derives from an awareness of the world today as a place in which people have lost their way, in which the accompaniments of fear have displaced those of faith, and in which a new start is essential if disaster is to be averted. Both envisage this crucial situation from a standpoint somewhere between stoical resignation and a doubtful hope. Moreover, and this is significant, both display in their versification certain syntactical idiosyncrasies which relate them not only to each other but to another modern poet who partly shares their outlook—Mr. C. Day Lewis. This is not to suggest that either Mr. Pudney or Mr. Swingler can be dismissed as derivative. On the contrary both have, in fact,

marked individual characteristics. What is contended is that in both of them Mr. Day Lewis' influence is pervasive, and to a large extent unhappy. Mr. Swingler, in particular, lays the greatest possible strain on the reader's enjoyment by the obscurity of his constructions, an obscurity arising largely from the deliberate omission of articles, pronouns and conjunctions. Such omissions, it is true, can give the appearance of concentration, and Mr. Day Lewis has shown that they are not necessarily employed at the expense of clarity. At the same time it cannot be too often stressed that compression of language and compression of feeling are not synonymous, and that the presence of the former is no guarantee of the existence of the latter. And it is by the intensity of his feeling, not by any skill in verbal economy, that the poet is known. Mr. Swingler further taxes the reader by his predilection for long words, a result no doubt of his efforts to avoid the cliché at all cost. 'Paddock Wood' is a perfect example of his best and worst, of a good poem ruined by turgidity of language at the crucial points. Moreover it is disappointing to find, after the promise of Mr. Swingler's earlier collection, that his new poems display so consistent a lack of rhythmical variety. His effects in this direction are too often on one note: a central cæsura breaking the line into staccato halves; and a corresponding limitation of vocabulary is now noticeable in the overuse of words like 'essential', 'terrible', 'inescapable', and anything in fact beginning with 'in' and ending in 'able'. Nevertheless Mr. Swingler remains one of the few poets from whom something may still be expected, and there are encouraging signs here of a more mature and positive impulse behind his work.

Mr. Pudney is considerably less difficult than Mr. Swingler, and it is significant that in his most successful poem 'First Drums Heard', where he is clearly expressing something about which he has thought and felt very strenuously, there is an immediate simplification of syntax and a genuine concentration of statement. Elsewhere Mr. Pudney seems frequently to be versifying a purely intellectual experience, and in two poems he attempts to buttonhole the reader's attention by a dashing modernity, an up-to-date 'no-nonsense' forthrightness which is deplorable. Where he is best is in the careful observation of nature and a sensitive use of this material to point a contrast with the plight of the modern world. And if the reader feels, as he may well do, that a sickness so desperate needs more than the sight of daffodils and the smell of Spring to heal it, possibly that is the measure of Mr. Pudney's present poetic stature.

The Christian Renaissance. By G. Wilson Knight
Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

Professor Wilson Knight somewhat disarms criticism by stating, on the first page of this book: 'Now in that they aim to reveal the relation of poetry to Christianity and to expose certain riches in both that are generally neglected, the following chapters themselves lay claim to prophetic validity and significance'. The author writes in a state of religious exaltation. His religion, indeed, is of rich spiritual significance, based on broad commonsense and quite acceptable to all who are liberal-minded in such matters. Only the commonsense is often buried under what will appear nonsense to the sober reader: 'The Renaissance is not yet over. It has, indeed, not yet properly begun. From the first shock and kiss of that contact poetry and Christianity have reeled asunder, in amaze, embarrassment, fear. Today again they approach each other; and we are all weak in our fear and pale-spirited anxiety'. Which seems to mean that we look forward to a broadening of religion through a poetic interpretation which was attempted in the sixteenth century, then given up, and is now being attempted again. Well, no doubt we would be glad; but the importance of the event seems to be over-estimated by Professor Wilson Knight. He wishes the Gospels to be treated as art-forms, like the plays of Shakespeare. Few believers will agree with him, and the agreement of open-minded non-believers will not advance his cause much. It would seem, however, that Professor Wilson Knight has a group of fellow-enthusiasts to whom the Gospel of Christianity plus Poetry is inspiring. Milton already held that Christ had been revealed through all the great poets of all nations.

From the scholarly point of view the book is a strange medley, as the author himself recognises (indeed, he is proud of it). On many individual points the scholarship is sound, and it is always very wide. But naturally enough, Professor Wilson Knight reads the meaning that suits his thesis into any passage of poetical beauty that appeals to his fancy. He establishes the most hair-raising analogies between Faust, Macbeth, Wordsworth's Child and Tennyson's Arthur, for instance, and a few more pages bring in D. H. Lawrence, Shelley, Jesus, Browning and Dante; Miss Ruby Ayres and Miss Berta Ruck, 'though not intellectually profound', as he says, play their part. In short, strict University Professors on one side, and strict Roman Catholics on the other, will say that this is all nonsense. The man in the street, if he gets to know of the book, will be somewhat pleasantly bewildered, and will probably come to the conclusion that there might be something in it.